The Discovered Country.

BY

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"In the times to be, it is my belief that there shall yet arise a soul, worthier of the sacred task than I, to which shall be given the perilous and precious commission of interpreter between the visible life and the life invisible. On this soul high privilege will be bestowed, and awful opportunity."

"THE GATES BETWEEN."

THE DISCOVERED COUNTRY.

I.

HERFRONZO.

I HAD passed the meridian of my life, and was fast verging toward the twilight of age. I had never been a successful or a rich man, and to be happy was to me but the vagaries of a dream. Toil and sorrow was the sauce which I took with my daily bread. I knew no other. I married twice, but never understood the meaning of conjugal love; neither of my wives gave me but very little comfort. Children were born to me; I loved them after a fashion, but knew not how to make them happy, and now my life was nearing its close. I had never been happy myself, I had never made others happy, very few loved me, I had never been loved, so I thought; yet with all my unhappiness I had always been a deep thinker and this part of my being was my actual life. I had studied for the ministry in my youth, but the more I studied and thought about creeds and the life after death, as preached by the clergy, the less I believed and the more unfitted I became to teach others that which I could not accept myself. So I gave it up in despair and turned my attention to music. This, at least, I could conscientiously follow as a

profession, and it would not trammel or interfere with the flight of thought; it bound me to no creed and I loved music for its own sake, it carried and aided my thought with its inspiring wings; yet after all, music should not have been my forte, nature had intended me for a profound thinker, and I should have been a philosophical writer, but like many others I mistook my calling, was never happy, nothing fitted me; I wondered if after all there really was a life beyond the tomb?

I had about come to the conclusion that death ended all, that we were born to a world of toil and trouble, and death took us off the weary stage of life forever; and I now know that this is the experience of the greater part of humanity. If I could have known then a small part of what I now know my life on earth would have been to me a pleasure instead of pain, and it is to tell others a little of that which I now know that I write this book.

I desire to benefit humanity, to make them wiser, better and happier; absolute truth can do no harm under any circumstances, and whoever reads this book may know positively that it contains nothing but the truth, although written by the hand of a so-called dead man, one that ought, according to the Church creeds, the creeds that he spent years of his life in studying, one that ought, according to all this, have been banished into hell with the devil for his master and burning fiends with gnashing teeth for his companions.

How sad; oh! how sad it is, that man, who should be crowned with wisdom, can for one moment, countenance such

folly. That it should be taught to little innocent children with plastic minds and souls ready to receive truthful impressions which would make their lives a pleasure to them instead of a miserable failure as mine was and thousands of others are. On the other hand they are taught that if they believe in a person called Christ, he will wash away their sins although they be as black as night, and when they die they will go to a place called heaven, far beyond the stars and spend an eternity praising a being called God. But whether hell is beyond the stars or not,they are not informed. It is information on these points that man most needs at the present time. He wants to know positively whether he is immortal or not? and for this knowledge many would give every drop of blood they have in their bodies.

Man has now reached that point in his earthly career, when he can no longer believe in the heaven or hell as just depicted; when he must know something more truthful and better,or settle down under the conviction that death ends all. But on one point the Church with all its error is right. Man is an immortal being, as I now know by actual experience and as I hope to prove to those,yet in the body, that read this book, before I have done with the writing of it, and it is my actual experience after the dissolution of the body, that I now propose to give to the world.

II.

DEATH.

AT length, I found myself on a sick bed; my friends all said that I must die, and I, too, felt that my hours on earth were numbered. Some of my friends urged me to have prayers and get a change of heart, have my sins forgiven, so that I might be able to squeeze into heaven at the last moment, but, although I knew not what awaited me in the great unknown future—if indeed there was a future—I was not mean enough to try to enter heaven, after this, as it seemed to me, sneaking fashion. If I did not deserve heaven, I would not try to get in through the merits of another person. If Jesus merited heaven, let him enjoy it. If I did not, then let me go to hell, if there was one, which I very much doubted, and if there was no hell, then of course the blood of Christ was not needed and prayers would be of no avail and Jesus could be no other than a very good man, for the idea that man was saved through Jesus Christ depended entirely on the belief that there existed a hell and a devil. So I concluded to let matters take care of themselves and if there was a life after the death of the body I would take my chances with millions of others that had gone before, and in this frame of mind I composed myself to meet the great unknown, and so passed out of my body, and if all I now have to tell seems like some fairy tale, believe me that it is true as it is beautiful.

My eyes closed to all things pertaining to earth. The

senses of my material covering were dead, and for a short time I was at rest, like one that is sleeping, then there was a gradual awakening of the spirit.

I felt myself supported by an angel, a form on either side of me. The angel seemed to be moving with considerable swiftness, supporting and half carrying me beneath my arms. I felt currents of air strike my face like the dash of cool, soft spray, and my eyes flew wide open. My first thought was one of questioning curiosity and I turned my gaze full upon the form at my right and then to the one on my left. The angel did not appear to be looking at me, or taking notice of my questioning gaze, but was looking straight ahead with eyes turned a little upward, and I found that we were moving forward, always inclining upward, not in a perpendicular line. I cast my eyes downward and I saw the dark shadow of a vast globe which was fast receding from my view. I experienced a sensation of great relief as it disappeared entirely from my sight, a great joy filled me, for I now knew that I was immortal.

I now turned my eyes in the same direction that the angel was looking. I did not feel like questioning the angel, but greatly desired to find out things for myself and did not wish to talk. The angel seemed to understand me perfectly and entire silence reigned supreme. As I looked, I saw in the distance a sparkling city which we were rapidly approaching; soon, a great extent of country burst upon my sight and it was a glorious world of heavenly beauty. Cities, towns

villages, scattered homes, trees, forests, shrubs, flowers, rivers, lakes, seas and an ocean. Rivulets, ponds, mountains, hills, valleys, glens, meadows, green lawns; but no fences, no manufactories, no death or decay of any kind.

Presently, the angel paused before a golden arch. The keystone of the arch appeared to be an immense magnificent diamond and the word Wisdom blazed within it. On either side of the arch, two forms appeared with hands clasped above the keystone, each wore a golden crown and set within the crowns in sparkling diamonds; upon the one, the word Love, and upon the other, Truth.

I gazed at this magnificent archway and understood its meaning. Wisdom, Love and Truth; these were the only methods whereby one could enter into perfect happiness and never by the blood of any Christ.

My mind was now set at rest on two important questions, immortality and being saved from hell through Jesus Christ.

The angel now glided with me through the archway and I felt that my new and spiritual life had commenced in earnest and those three words kept ringing, ringing within my soul, Wisdom, Love and Truth; these I must attain before I could be happy, before I could even enjoy all this beautiful world which was spread out before my enraptured vision, but for the present I was a stranger in a new and strange world, although so gloriously beautiful, yet I was not fitted to enjoy it; the angel that escorted me was too far above and beyond me, to be in any slight, a companion for me. I felt

heavy and weary and longed for rest. The habits of earth life were yet strong within me. I wanted a home and a loving companion; one not so bright as the angel that was with me, but one through whom I could learn by easy stages, and as these wishes and thoughts shaped themselves within me the angel smiled sweetly and we paused before the door of a lovely little cottage, nestled down in a wild and secluded glen. A rustic easy chair stood near the door of the cottage, the angel led me to this chair and I sunk into it with a sigh of restful satisfaction. The angel gave me a long searching gaze, then waving an adieu with their white hands, slowly disappeared from my view.

I leaned my head back, closed my eyes and gradually my powers of thought and observation gathered themselves together as I thus rested. How long I sat there I am unable to say; but when I again opened my eyes, a feeling of intense happiness ran through all my being. Oh, joy! joy! I had passed through that weary dark shadow called death, that all human beings fear and dread, and here I was, safely landed on the other shore of life, and of course I knew that eternity rolled on forever before me.

Now thought I, there is no hurry, I am not pressed for time, time is now nothing to me, my thought need not leave any subject until I understand it thoroughly, and as I rested and thought, my eyes began to rove around the beautiful glen. I wanted to examine everything closely and find out all about this new world in which I found myself.

III.

THE GLEN.

THE glen was apparently, a quarter of a mile wide by three-quarters long. At the back of the cottage mountains appeared and a small cataract leaped from rock to rock, ending in a purling and sparkling stream of water that wound itself in and out about the glen and then disappeared at the further end. There were rocks, trees and shrubs of various kinds, trailing vines and beautiful wild-flowers: a blue and etherial sky and fleecy white clouds. A little winding path ran into the glen and up to the door of the cottage.

A restful, home-like feeling penetrated through all my soul, and I thought, this looks almost like the earth I have just left, and yet I know all this which I see before me is not real material substance, and as I gaze I find it lacks all the coarseness and imperfections of earthly things. There is not one dead or decaying leaf in all this beautiful foliage, not a single imperfect tree. Every flower is perfect, bright and exquisitely lovely. This cottage is the most beautiful and graceful thing imaginable, and this chair the most easy and restful.

Again I closed my eyes, and when I opened them, a great dog stood with wagging tail, resting his nose lovingly across my knee and gazing into my face with soft, intelligent eyes. A dog! Could it be possible that dogs were immortal? Great Cæsar! In the wildest flights that my imagination had ever taken, this thought had never crossed my mind before. But the dog was unmistakable; it was no creation of my fancy, for he was intelligent and had a will of his own as I soon found out. I laid my hand caressingly upon his head, I patted him on the back, he wagged his tail violently and whined fawningly. I felt something rubbing against my legs, and looking down I saw a beautiful cat, rubbing her soft sides against me and purring gently. Still more astonished, I heard a little bird twittering in a tree near by, and looking up I saw many birds flying around among the trees. So, I thought, birds and animals are immortal as well as myself.

Oh, what happiness! How could I part with such creatures that I had been familiar with during all my earth life? How satisfied I felt with the truth as I found it.

The dog pulled at my sleeve, softly, as though to ask me to take a stroll, and I arose to my feet: how light I felt. I seemed to glide, rather than walk, in whatever direction I wished to go. I noticed a beautiful spot not far distant, where the water lay, deep and placid, in a shining pool, and to this spot my mind carried my aerial body.

The bank was green and mossy, and I reclined thereon. The dog bounded and frolicked about me. A couple of

beautiful birds perched in a drooping willow just above my head and sung sweetly to each other. Now I will try and understand how all these things are, I thought. They do not seem like earthly things, and yet they look like them, only so much more exquisite and beautiful that I can hardly make a comparison. I wanted to examine everything minutely and discover just how this beautiful world was made. I looked down upon the ground and saw a number of insects and worms similar to those of earth. I glanced into the water, a speckled trout and a few minnows met my gaze. A mosquito and a fly, or two, buzzed about me but did not bite or sting me. At sight of these smaller creatures I laughed outright. It had surprised me very much to find that dogs were immortal, but when it came to fishes, flies and worms, the idea was too ridiculous. I laughed and brushed my hand across my eyes to see if I could not brush the cobwebs out of them, but I could not, there the things were as plain as the nose on a man's face.

I heard a rustling sound and looking up I saw a deer peeping shyly at me through the bushes across the pool. Gazing upward I saw an eagle soaring aloft over the crest of the nearest mountain, and as my gaze wandered over the sides of the mountains I could perceive various wild animals roaming among the trees. I was greatly puzzled. I never had any distinct idea how heaven ought to be and so was entirely unprepared for heaven as it really was. But then why not? It is fair to conclude that a suitable abode

heaven they used to tell me about when I was a child, and the hell with which they used to frighten me.

The heaven was a very shining and select place, the streets were paved with gold, there was nothing there but a few angels clothed in white, and a great white throne with God seated upon it as a judge, and Jesus Christ at his right hand, also four and twenty elders—oh, yes, I forgot—and some beasts. Well, then the idea was not so new after all, there were beasts in that heaven which they used to tell me about, and they were bowing before the throne of God, and thus thinking I looked at the animals more complacently. Well, if they allowed beasts in that shining golden heaven, surely they could not be out of place in this spiritual glen, and and as the creatures were actually there I had to give up the point, "and those that were burning in hell were also stung by scorpions." So then the idea that scorpions were immortal was not so new after all, and I concluded that the little worms before me, had just as good a right to immortality as the scorpions in hell. These gnats and worms did not sting as the scorpions did, and therefore I thought they had the best of it.

I reached forth my hand and tried to break a twig from one of the trees, but could not. I tried in every way to break off leaves and branches wherever I saw them, but could not break or destroy a single twig, leaf or flower; they remained precisely as they were before, defying all my efforts, and I found that the substance out of which they were composed was not material in any sense of the word but entirely

spiritual and imperishable. I tried to crush the little insects and crawling worms, but could not, they remained entirely unhurt and were as imperishable as the rest. The dog came to me and I thought I would choke it, just to see if that too could not be hurt: I choked away to my heart's content, but the dog remained just the same good natured, jovial fellow as ever; he could not be strangled or killed, so I arrived by successive stages to the fact that everything which I saw was spiritual and imperishable the same as I now knew myself to be.

I examined the rocks and tried with a little stone to chip them, but could make no impression upon them whatever they were as spiritual as the rest. I tried with my fingers to dig in the ground, but could not. I tried to pluck the moss, but could not; and now I bethought me of the water. I went down to the edge of the pool and with my hand scooped up some water.

Ah, here was something at last! The water yielded. My hand was full of the sparkling drops. Instinctively, I carried it to my mouth, and thus drank my fill.

Oh, how cool! How refreshing! How exhilerating! It seemed as though I could never get enough. But at length, for a time at least, I ceased to quaff this refreshing nectar.

But the water still enticed me. I thought I would wade in and take a bath. So I stooped down to pull off my shoes and stockings, but my feet were entirely bare. I thought I would remove my clothes, but could not discover that I wore

any, yet, I surely was not naked; and as I examined myself more minutely I found that I was covered by a cloud-like substance which seemed to emanate from the interior of my body and thus surround me outwardly.

I put my hands to my head to see about my hair; it was long and I took it up in my hand; it was dark, wavy and very thick, with not a thread of gray in the shining mass.

IV.

THE MEADOW.

I WADED out into the deep water. I waded up to my neck. I plunged my head beneath the shining surface. The dog came in after me and we frolicked and splashed for some time; then, regaining the bank, I felt so invigorated I thought I would take a long walk.

A lovely meadow, filled with beautiful flowers, stretched its inviting length before me; and so, my dog and I started for a walk across the meadow. The dog had attached himself to me, and seemed to own me for his master. I had not gone far when a fine cow raised her head and looked at me with slow mild eyes. I now saw a number of cows and bulls, all perfectly mild and harmless. As I went on, the bleating of sheep attracted my attention, they were as white as snow and very beautiful; and I thought of the good shepherd that feedeth the sheep; and under the circumstances was not surprised at seeing these sheep. Presently, I espied a man seated on a grassy knoll, apparently watching the sheep. The dog bounded toward him, and I also approached him.

He raised his eyes to my face and they were as bright and shining as the dome of heaven. He was clothed in a soft flowing robe of palest grey, nearly white. His hair waved down over his shoulders until it nearly touched the ground, pale red in color. His beard, which hung down on his breast, was a bright blond, or red. His form was round and full. His hands and feet were bare, and he was white and transparent as alabaster. A shepherd's crook lay on the ground by his side, and a book lay open on his knees, as though he had been reading. The dog bounded up to him, manifesting the utmost delight. Another dog lay at the shepherd's feet, very much like the one that had accompanied me. The shepherd patted my dog upon the head, saying, in deep musical voice and a sweet smile, "well, Cæsar, where have you been? We have missed you greatly."

The dog turned his soft eyes to my face, wagging his tail, then looked wistfully at his master, as I now saw the shepherd must be: and these dogs were very fine shepherd dogs.

"Cæsar desires, very much, to introduce his new found friend to my notice," said the shepherd, with his slow sweet smile, looking me directly in the eyes.

"What may I call your name, sir?

My name—my name? Well, really: I did not know how to answer him. I stammered. I think I must have blushed: but if I did it was the first time in my life that I had ever blushed to own my name.

Well, I said with a deep sigh. you may call me by whatever name you think best. I am a stranger in this land, have not been in this country more than an hour, and you are the first person whom I have met. Perhaps you will not be ashamed to own your name?

"A name is of very little importance. I have not heard the name by which I was called when I lived on the earth, since I came to this world. My friends here call me Voncelora."

Voncelora? A very pretty name, I said. I should be very happy sir, if you would kindly give me a name. He drooped his head thoughtfully for a moment. "I think we must call you Herfronzo," he said, waving his hand with careless grace. "And now, Herfronzo, will you take a seat here by my side and help me partake of my lunch? Meanwhile we will have a little pleasant conversation."

The dogs were gamboling and playing about the sheep, and across the flower be-sprinkled meadow. I seated myself in a half reclining attitude near my new found friend. A wide shepherd hat filled with his lunch, stood near him. He placed it between us, with his slow beautiful smile, and raising his heavenly eyes, said, "help yourself, Herfronzo; do not be afraid, there is plenty where this came from, and the more you take the better it will be for us both—the better it will be for all in whom you are interested."

Are you thirsty, Sir?" And he drew from his breast pocket a flask of red wine and laid it beside the hat. "If so, drink—drink freely. You are welcome. I had just begun to

feel a little hungry, wondering if spirits could eat as well as drink, for I had drunk from the pool and therefore knew that spirits could drink.

I glanced into the hat curiously, to see what manner of food was offered me. A few slices of pure white bread, a little fruit, two or three large bunches of grapes and the flask of red wine. I took a slice of bread in one hand and a bunch of grapes in the other and so began to eat, very daintily, letting my eyes roam dreamily, over the flock of white sheep. I did not wish to hurry in the least, for my reason told me it was not necessary.

V.

GRAPES.

VONCELORA sat with his eyes fixed upon his book. Do these sheep belong to you? I asked, simply.

"They belong to me in one way; and in another way they do not."

In what way, then, do they belong to you?

"They belong to me by right of the love which exists between us. In the other way, they belong to nature and to nature's God."

Why then do I find you here as a shepherd?

"It is my pastime," he answered. "I come to this quiet spot often. The sheep hear my voice and follow me." Taking up a bugle that lay by the side of his shepherd's crook, he blew a musical call upon it. The sheep all raised their heads and looked earnestly in our direction.

May I ask you, Voncelora, the title of the book in which you seem to be so much interested?

He held the book up before my eyes, and upon the cover I saw these words in large golden letters. "Pages from the Book of Nature." From the title I should judge that to be a very interesting book. By whom was it written?

He pointed upward, then downward; he swept a circle with his finger.

"The leaves of this book were taken by me from the book of Eternal Ages," he answered. "There never was a beginning; there never can be an ending." "I have been able to gather these few leaves and put them into a convenient form, that I might fetch them to this quiet spot for meditation.

But who wrote the Book of Nature?

"It was written by the Eternal Ages," and he again swept a circle.

"You seem to be a very wise man, Voncelora. Will you kindly answer a few questions that I would like to ask you?

"I will answer any question that you desire to ask me to the best of my ability; yet I may not be as wise as you think me. I am only a simple shepherd, and am not versed in any book, except this book which you see before me."

Before I put my questions, however, I would like to say that I am considerably astonished to find that I am actually immortal. I never could believe the Christian's religion as taught by the Churches on the earth which I have just left, and I had nearly come to the conclusion that there was no life after the death of the body. Finding now, that I was mistaken, and this world so entirely different from any preconceived ideas—so entirely different from the teachings of the Christian churches, I feel that I am extremely ignorant. I cannot even understand how it is, that these things exist

which I see around me; water, earth, trees and animals.

"Herfronzo, did you understand how they all existed on the earth when you were there? You must have lived there many years."

Oh, yes! All things grow there.

"All things grow here" he said.

I looked at him wonderingly. But, Voncelora, I did not grow here.

"Well, you intend to, don't you?" he asked nonchalently. "I think you have grown considerably already. I do not believe you have ceased growing for one moment since you breathed your last on earth."

"You seem to be very hungry, and want to ask a great many questions, and as all things grow by being fed, so now Herfronzo, allow me to feed you, that you may grow."

I laughed. He certainly had the best of me.

Where did this spiritual ground come from? I asked, striking it with my hand.

"From the earth you have just left. Examine it more closely, Herfronzo, and you will discover that it is attenuated, or spiritualized matter. Being a spirit yourself, it is to you now, as substantial as your earth was when you were in an earthly body. It is spiritualized earth to spiritualized man."

But the water, Voncelora. How can I account for water being here?

"How do you account for its being on the earth?"

Why! I said, I really don't know.

"Well then, I think I have the best of you there, for I do know how the water came to be here."

Well, how? Voncelora, tell me how?

"It came directly from your earth," he answered. "It is attenuated, and spiritualized to fit the spiritual man and the spiritual earth."

"Now, Voncelora; the grass, the flowers, the trees, the shrubbery, the mountains?

"They, also came directly from your earth. Nothing propagates itself here in this spiritual world; there is growth and progression, but not propagation. The material earths are the only places where propagation takes place. But all spiritual things have their root in the material. The grass, the flowers, the trees, the shrubbery, come from earth. The spirits of all things that die on earth, pass directly to that earth's spiritual spheres, and take their places according to natural law. That is the true meaning of all death."

"Nothing decays, nothing dies here, nothing can be injured; all things grow more and more beautiful as the ages roll on."

And the animals, Voncelora. How is it that I find animals here?

"Foolish Herfronzo; were you not an animal when you were in the material body? Have not other animals just as good a right to exist as you? Are not my sheep just as beautiful in their way as you are, or as I am? Not so intelligent, perhaps, but just as necessary in the chain of existent things as either you or I."

I said, "not so intelligent, but more perfect in their way, for do your best, and you could never make a sheep believe in a burning brimstone hell and a fiery devil; or the blood of Christ washing away their sins."

"These sheep are white, but nature made them so, and not the blood of Christ."

Well, Voncelora, I agree with you there, for that, I never could believe, even when I was in the earth-life. But tell me, dear Von., did there ever exist such a person as Jesus Christ?

"Oh, yes," he answered. There did live in the time of Pontius Pilate, a bright youth—a child of love, as all children should be—so harmonious and beautiful in his nature, that he inspired reverential awe in the minds of those more ignorant than he was. He was a man, like many others, ahead of the time in which he lived. A sensitive soul that received impressions directly from the spiritual realm; and he never intended to convey the idea to the people that he was anything more. All that, has been added fictitiously to the story of his life, as Church and Priest desired for their own ends to make it appear—and the plan of salvation is an entirely man-made plan; nature and the spiritual world never had anything to do with it."

"But it must be the work of the Angels to clear and wipe it out from the earth for its well being and happiness. For truth is better than error; wisdom than ignorance, and love than hate."

We had now finished our lunch and I was greatly refreshed. One more question dear Von. and I will tire you no longer. How did this bread and fruit come into existence?

"The spiritual fruit exists on spiritual vines and trees, and can be plucked to feed the spiritual man the same as the water can be quaffed by him: but they are not diminished when you eat and drink. The bread was prepared by one whom I shall have the pleasure of introducing to you, shortly."

He arose and I followed. He went to the edge of the meadow where some vines appeared, and they were filled with purple grapes. He plucked a bunch of grapes from the vines, and I watched him with great curiosity. He held the bunch in his hand, and yet it appeared on the vine the same as before.

"These grapes represent spiritual truth; and you cannot diminish truth by being fed with it."

He put the grapes in my hand and I commenced to eat them, one by one. There were no seeds within them and the skin was merely a sweet waxen substance that melted away within my mouth.

How is it, I asked, that the grapes are not diminished by plucking them, and they bear no seed within them?

"Spiritual fruit of any kind does not produce seed. Seed germs are left entirely in the earth-life. "You ask me, how it is that fruit is not diminished by the plucking?"

"Your fruit on the earth is not diminished by the gathering of it. You look surprized, dear Herfronzo, and well you

may, for you never thought of it in that light before; but after you have gathered your grapes in the fall, are they not on the vine precisely the same the next fall? And so you keep on gathering from the fruitful vine as long as it lives, and the fruit is not diminished by the gathering of it each fall."

Ah, but my dear Voncelora; it grows new each year.

"Very true, so this spiritual fruit grows new each time you pluck it: but as we have no years here, and Eternity is all the time we have, and there are no seasons, neither day nor night, our fruit forms necessarily, immediately after the plucking. And now, Herfronzo, will you go home with me?"

Well, I really did not know what else to do. Yes, many thanks, Voncelora; but first tell me, dear sir, where your home may be?

He pointed in the direction of the little cottage where the angel had seated me on my arrival in this new world.

"Did you not perceive a cottage on your way hither? he asked.

Oh, yes; and I rested near the door of that house for some time before I crossed this meadow. We now together wended our way back to the door of the cottage. The door which had previously been closed, was now open. He entered and I followed. The hallway ran directly through the little house, and the door at the back was also open; a wide staircase ran up to the floor above. He knocked gently on a door at one side of the hall.

VI.

KATRINA.

THE door was opened by a lady. She welcomed us with a sweet smile.

"Katrina," said Voncelora, "this is a friend of mine whom an angel left at our door, not long since: he has but just arrived from earth."

"Herfronzo, this lady is my wife."

She gave me her hand, saying:

"Welcome: Herfronzo, to the land of *Souls—the Imperishable World.*"

We became seated, and I looked at the lady. Certainly, she was the most beautiful woman that I had ever seen. She looked about twenty-five years of age. Her form was exquisitely rounded and graceful. Her hair, bright golden, extremly thick and waving, hung in two heavy braids far down her back, the ends being left unbraided for about a quarter of a yard, each braid being tied with a knot of pale blue ribbon. Her robes appeared to be of soft white muslin, confined about the waist by a sash of pale blue. Her face was a study, and one might look forever, and yet desire to look again. A heavenly face: purity, truth, wisdom, love, all were reflected there. Her eyes were large and blue, and a soft steady

light shone within them. Her skin was very clear and white; her cheeks peachy. Her lips were as red and sweet as two rosebuds; long golden lashes concealed the bright eyes at her pleasure. Voncelora had left the room for a few moments and now returned. His attire was changed, and he hardly appeared to be the same shepherd with whom I had become acquainted out in the meadow among the sheep. His appearance was now that of a very refined gentleman. His blond hair still hung in waving masses over his shoulders. His bright beard still fell upon his breast. His eyes were yet as blue as heaven. He was the same, and yet not the same. He now wore white satin breeches. His coat was a deep mazerine blue, as were his silken stockings. His shoes had golden buckles, and he wore knee buckles of gold. Soft white ruffles were about his wrists and upon his bosom. His features expressed great nobility of soul. His hands were well formed, strong and white. He was rather portly, and his bearing was that of a nobleman. My eyes took in the details of the room. The room was large: it was not square, but circular. The ceiling was a complete dome, frescoed in blue and gold, the blue representing the vault of heaven, the gold, the sun and stars: and a silver crescent the moon. White fleecy clouds appeared here and there.

A soft carpet covered the floor—dark mossy green—with modest flowers and vines running gracefully all over it. There was no set pattern and the flowers all differed one from another. There were daisies, and roses; violets and

pinks; blue forget-me-nots, and white lilies-of-the-valley. There were butter-cups, and bright little humming birds. The carpet had a border of white immortelles.

A Grand Piano was the next thing which caught my attention. A book was open on the rack, and I caught sight of the title page. I started in great surprise; it was my own book that I had spent years of my earth-life in writing and compiling, a book into which I had put my whole soul, a complete Piano System.

Tears rushed to my eyes, I was completely overcome. My book then, was immortal as well as myself; and it seemed as though a great compliment were paid me by these strangers; they had placed my book which seemed to me like so much of my heart's blood—before my eyes, to welcome me, as though it had preceded me to the everlasting life. A little fire of sweet incense burned within a golden grate. A large center table, covered with books and flowers, three or four easy chairs, and a large sofa. A leopard skin rug lay upon the hearth; the windows looked out front and back. I had not been long in taking in all these details, and now Katrina spoke,—I will not call her Mrs. Voncelora.

"Herfronzo," she said, with her sweet and radiant smile, "you are not an entire stranger to us."

Indeed, Madam! I do not remember of ever having seen you, or your husband before to-day.

"No, I see that you do not remember us. But, dear Sir, pray consider this your home as long as you are pleased to

remain with us. We owe you a debt of gratitude, and perhaps we may in this way, be able to recompense you in part."

I do not understand you, Madam. I do not know to what you refer.

She glanced at Voncelora. He gave her an affectionate look and slightly waved his hand.

"Herfronzo," he said, "no act of kindness is ever forgotten by an immortal soul; and if the one that confers the favor does not receive his reward on earth, he is sure to meet with it in the heavens."

"I extend my invitation with that of my wife—that you consider this house your home, and ourselves your warm, true friends, as long as you are pleased to remain with us. At the same time we will guide and accompany you wherever it may be your pleasure to go."

Many thanks; kind friends, I answered, tears springing to my eyes. I really need a home and kindness just now, for I am a stranger and know not to what manner of life I have come.

"Great joy and happiness is the only life to which you can look forward to, as there is no other for the soul of man; and as time rolls on every creature that lives will attain it;" said Katrina, with that firm steady light in her lovely blue eyes; "meanwhile, dear Herfronzo, will you play some of your favorite airs?"

With pleasure, Madam, I answered, approaching the Piano.

I was only too glad to get to that Piano. I wanted to

turn over the leaves of that book and find out whether it was a phantom or a real thing. I could not understand how it was that books and pianos existed here in this spiritual life; so taking my seat at the piano I ran my fingers over the keys.

The piano was Steinway's best; and gave forth sweet sounds. Then I turned the leaves of my own book, and for a short time I was oblivious to all things else. I played many of my favorite pieces, and was very happy to think that music was not to be denied me in this spiritual life. When I had finished I asked Katrina to play, and she readily acquiesced. She played like the angel she was, selecting the very pieces from my book that I considered to be the best and most difficult. I then asked Voncelora to play. He excused himself, saying that he thought I must be weary and need rest.

VII.

HELENE.

LEANING back restfully in one of the easy chairs, I asked. Tell me Voncelora, how is it that I find my own book in this life? Certainly books do not have souls.

"Do not be so sure of that, dear Herfronzo," he answered, a deep look filling his heavenly eyes, "the book which you wrote is a part of your own soul, and the thoughts within you become real things in this life. That book is a thing which you created, it is projected from your soul and becomes a real spiritual object in the spiritual life; and your thoughts put into this form, other spirits can make use of for their instruction and benefit."

"My wife, as well as myself, have made use of your excellent book for some time, and consider ourselves greatly benefited by it; for which, dear Herfronzo, receive our heartfelt thanks."

"We do not have money in this life with which to repay you, but we hope to benefit you in other ways, for we exchange here one truth for another."

"Your book is a great truth, based on truthful principles; therefore it lives in this life; for no truth, whatever may be

its nature, ever perishes; it is as immortal as the soul of man."

"The piano which you see before you is another great truth. We did not invent it but we avail ourselves of the inventions of other men and are benefited thereby. They avail themselves of that which we have to give, and are greatly benefited."

Let none that read this book laugh or deride it; for if you are a member of any church, remember that within the heaven in which you believe, there are said to be harps of gold, played by angel fingers; and Katrina was an extremely bright, lovely and beautiful angel; and I hope that I shall prove to you, before I finish, that she played before the throne of God. Again, do not doubt the existence of books in heaven; for according to your own theories the recording angel writes in a book against every one's name, their good or their bad deeds; and if one book can exist in heaven, is there any good reason why there may not be many?

Be that as it may, my book was there before my eyes, a real thing, palpable to my sense and sight, as was also the piano.

Tell me, Voncelora, how did you come into possession of this house and all I see within it?

"Well," said Voncelora, "my wife and I desired just such a little home, and together we constructed it within our minds. And as all our thoughts are real spiritual things, they flow outward from us and become objective to us, and we dwell within our thoughts. Dear Katrina did the most

toward the furnishing of it; and our house, which was and is our thought is an object to other spirits as well as ourselves; they can enter and abide with us if we and they so desire it. Do not let this surprise you, Herfronzo, for even the Christian's Bible says:—In my father's house are many mansions, and as this spiritual sphere is one of our father's houses, you must expect to find in it, many mansions not made with hands eternal and in the heavens."

Katrina had left the room while we were conversing. She now returned, saying:—

"Dearest husband, dinner awaits us."

"Come, Herfronzo;" and giving her my arm, Voncelora led the way to a room across the hall, and throwing wide the door, we entered. It proved to be an extremely beautiful dining hall. A table, spread with a snowy cloth, stood in the center of the room. It was set for four, and its appointments were most beautiful and elegant. Just as we were taking our seats, a lady entered.

"Welcome, dearest Helene," said Katrina.

"Allow me to introduce, Herfronzo; but lately come to this world. He has been with us but a few hours."

"Herfronzo, we call this lady Helene; or if you please, Fraulein Helene. She is our dear sister and friend.

The lady bowed gracefully, and took the seat opposite me at the table. Katrina was very beautiful; but this lady was still more beautiful. She was not at all like Katrina; but her very presence thrilled me through and through. I could

scarcely understand the reason why. I had been accustomed to the society of very beautiful ladies in the life I had lately left; but never before had one thrilled me as this one did. I could scarcely keep my eyes from her face. She was rather tall, slenderly and beautifully formed, and bore herself like a queen. Her hair was very dark, and looked like shining satin in its smoothness. She wore it in a large knot at the back of her queenly head, and a silver arrow was thrust through the dark mass. Her eyes were large, dark and very soft. Her face was pale and highly intellectual, and when she raised her large dark eyes, they shot forth quivering rays of magnetic flame that seemed to set my whole being in a blaze of light. Katrina did the honors at the table, but the lady opposite fascinated me to that degree, I could scarcely taste of anything. I do not now remember what the dinner consisted of, but the conversation I can recall distinctly.

VIII.

BEAUTY.

"FERFRONZO," said Voncelora, "this life is entirely different from anything you expected to find. We know, my dear Sir, just what your feelings are; and deeply sympathize with you in your wondering strangeness; for we have all passed through a similar experience."

"We have not been in this world very long, ourselves; but yet, long enough to know that we are supremely happy and blessed, and that all life has a deep meaning within it. The longer you are with us, the happier you will become; for at every turn you make, you will learn some new and unexpected truth that will give you supreme joy. Before we came to this life, even in the wildest flights of our so-called imagination, we never supposed that spiritual beings could be seated, as we now are, and partake of food. I know by your countenance that such thoughts are now passing through your mind."

You are right, Voncelora. It really does seem so strange to me, that I was wondering if it might not, after all, be a dream; and that I might awake and find myself back in my old body again. It makes me shudder to think that I might have to take it up again. I feel like some weary traveller,

that has carried an enormous burden in the heat of the noon day sun, and has at last found a refreshing shade and cast his burden down by the cool banks of a stream; and I feel as though I could never take it up again.

"My dear Herfronzo, this is a supreme joy which we all feel, that we shall never again be obliged to take up those heavy burdens."

"Our old burdensome bodies of material matter are cast from us forever; and we are above and beyond all death and decay. This truth alone is enough to render us supremely happy. Then on the other hand, when we find we have lost nothing but gained all things, and that in losing our material bodies we have cast off a heavy and decaying garment, or covering, how supremely light, blest and happy we feel. But you will find, dear Sir, the longer you remain with us, that this life is but a continuation of the one which you have left. How could you, or any other spirit, pass directly from the habit of partaking of food three times a day, for perhaps the space of sixty or seventy years, to a life where there was no such thing as food, or the partaking of it? How could you, after bathing for this length of time, pass directly into a life where such a thing as a bath was never thought of? Almost the first thing that spirits do, after resting a short time, is to plunge into the first water they find; and they are usually led, or placed by superior beings, or the guiding angel that receives their soul, near a stream of water, or lake, for this purpose; if they are adults, they are then left alone until

their bath is over; for people in the earth-life usually take their bath in private, and it makes the new-born spirit feel more at its ease and at home; and very shortly after that, they are hungry, and desire food. This event is of a more social kind, and they eat and drink for the first time with near and dear friends that have preceded them to the spiritual life. A child that is born into earth-life, is first washed, then dressed, and shortly afterwards given food; at the same time it commences its first little lessons in its new life; it commences to observe and learn; it is very hungry, both for sustenance and knowledge. That lower life is merely a type, on a small beginning scale, of this the higher, superior life; and whatever you do in that life, be sure you do in this on a grander scale."

I felt just now as though I were very weak and ignorant; although I had considered myself a deep thinker in the life I had just left, and could rout and put to flight, almost anyone with whom I condescended to argue a point. What argument could I bring to bear against Voncelora's plain unvarnished truths? This was nearly the first time in many years that I had sat at table and conversed with one of my own sex without entering into an argument of some kind; and I had always felt that I had the best of my antagonist, but here I sat almost mute, and another man was talking to me in this superior way, and I could answer him nothing. I could only sit at his table like a child, and be taught; and this man had been teaching me from the beginning of my new

life. He had also intimated that the new born spirit always sat at table, for the first time, with near and dear friends; but I felt sure that I had never seen either one of these three people. They were very young as well as very beautiful. I, on the other hand, was a man past sixty years of age. Voncelora and Katrina did not look a day over twenty-five; and Fraülein Helene did not appear more than twenty.

Voncelora again spoke.

"You perceive, dear Herfronzo, that we have neither flesh, fowl nor fish on our dinner table; nothing but bread, fruit, water and a little wine. We cannot here destroy anything that has life. Although you have seen fish, fowl and many animals, yet not one can be killed to satisfy any man's hunger; he must live by bread and fruit alone."

But, Voncelora, allow me to ask if you raise wheat in this world? And if there are mills here that grind the wheat into fine flour? For this bread is as white as snow, and as light as bread can be. You have already told me how the fruit and grapes grow, and I also saw for myself when you plucked the bunch of grapes at the edge of the meadow; but how this beautiful bread is made I do not know.

Voncelora's eyes rested upon Katrina, and their expression was one of the deepest love and reverence.

"My Katrina prepares my bread, which is my food, for me. I gather the fruit from the natural living vines and trees, but my bread, which is the staff of my life, my wife prepares and gives unto me. You ask me if wheat grows in this world?

There is plenty of spiritual wheat here, but this bread is not made from wheat; but my Katrina's little hands gather it from out the higher heavens, and it is compounded of Wisdom, Love and Truth; but this, Herfronzo, is past your comprehension just at this present time. Eat now, through me, of my Katrina's bread, that you may live and be prepared for one, that shall shortly feed you with bread from heaven.

"Did not the wives of old, as your bible hath it, go forth and gather the manna as it fell from heaven, wherewith to feed their household? And my Katrina has been gathering manna."

"Eat, Herfronzo, eat!"

Katrina sat with downcast eyes. Her cheeks glowing like a fresh blown rose. I glanced at the Fraülein Helene. Her soft eyes met mine in full. A deep blush suffused her otherwise pale face; but she said nothing. I felt almost like an awkward school boy in the presence of Voncelora and his wife, and this exquisitely beautiful Fraülein Helene. I really could not find my tongue. I wanted to converse with her, but could find nothing to say. She had not spoken thus far, and Katrina had been very silent. To pay them compliments seemed out of place; they were so lovely, pure and dignified. Compliments merely paid them for the sake of entering into conversation, seemed too vulgar, even for me to think of paying them for one moment, but I thought I would venture a remark or two, about age.

Pardon me, Fraülein Heleñe, I said, but will you tell me

which is the eldest, yourself or your sister? You are not in the least, alike.

"Katrina is not my sister," answered the Fraülein.

Ah; then you are the sister of Voncelora?

She raised her eyes to his face, and I saw a look of amusement play over his features. But you resemble him, even less than you do Katrina.

"Voncelora is not my brother," she said; and now her own eyes drooped beneath their long dark lashes.

Excuse me, Voncelora, but I understood your wife to say, that the Fraülein Helene was your sister.

"Katrina said, that Helene was our sister and friend; but did not mean that she was born of the same parents."

"Oh - ah; I said, a little confused; but may I ask you Voncelora, what your age may be? It seems so strange for me, an old man, to hear one so young talk so wisely and well. He looked more amused than before and laughed outright.

"Fraülein Helene," he said, "look well at Herfronzo and myself, and tell us truly, which appears to be the oldest?"

She looked more amused, even, than Voncelora, as she answered.

I should judge you, Voncelora, to be many, very many years older than Herfronzo."

I looked at her in astonishment. Could this lovely and beautiful woman be making game of me? Was she holding me up for ridicule? I think I must have looked slightly

angry. The idea was altogether too prepostorous; for Voncelora looked even younger than twenty-five: and I had set him down as I thought, at the last figure.

"Katrina, let us have your opinion. Herfronzo does not appear to be well pleased with the judgement of the Fraülein Helene."

"Well, answered Katrina slowly, I know you to be many years older than Herfronzo."

"Herfronzo, how old do you think me?

"I should think you to be about twenty-five.

He laughed again.

"What if I were to to tell you, reckoning time as you do in the life you have just left, that I am something more than a hundred: that Katrina is very near my own age: that the Fraulein Helene is somewhere about sixty-five, and that you, Herfronzo, are the youngest person at the table, instead of the oldest, as you thought yourself. Another thing I shall tell you which will surprise you more. You are an unmarried man; and what is more, you never were married."

"Ah; Fraulein Helene, do not blush so much."

Voncelora, I see plainly, that you know very little about me, I said, indignantly: If you did, you would know very well that I am not only a married man, but a twice married man, and the father of a number of children. In fact, the father of two families: that one of my wives must be here in this life—the other still remains on earth.

"Well, well; said Voncelora, soothingly, pray excuse me,

Herfronzo, I have been talking a little out of order; but your past earth-life is not unknown to me."

I certainly did not feel quite at my ease, but could not gainsay what Voncelora had said. I looked at the Fraülein Helene.

Then, of course, you must all have passed out of the earth-life while still very young?

"On the contrary," answered Voncelora, "we were all well stricken in years."

Pray tell me, Fraülein Helene, how long have you been in this life?

"I think it about six months, as time is reckoned on earth."

I looked in amaze, at this youthful and beautiful creature. Then, do you mean to tell me, that you were past sixty at the time of your departure from earth?

"Yes, dear Sir, I was in my sixty-fifth year. Voncelora and Katrina, were nearly seventy years old when they came to this life."

They call you, Fraülein Helene. You were never married, then?

"Oh, yes," she answered, with great sweetness, "I was married and the mother of many children and grand-children."

IX.

DO THEY MARRY IN HEAVEN?

IT seemed to me as though I could never get things right.

"Well," said Voncelora, "the Fraülein Helene is not alone, neither are you, Herfronzo; Katrina and myself are not only grandparents, but we are great grandparents."

Katrina smiled and glanced at me with her great sparkling blue eyes.

"Dear Herfronzo," said Voncelora, "can you bear a little more of my lecturing?"

I assented, well pleased; for I wanted to know how all this might be. Before I came to this life, I had thought, if there was a life, at all, after the death of the body, that each remained at the same age they were when they died. That a child remained as a child, and a man, a man; and an old person, still old.

"When we leave the earth-life," said Voncelora, "we appear, for a short time, much as we did when we left it; but the moment we commence to learn heavenly wisdom, that moment we commence to grow young and beautiful; we do not go back to childhood in our appearance, neither, do we

ever again have the same appearance that we had in the earth-life; but as we throw off error after error, and take on wisdom, love and truth, we become perfect and beautiful in our outward appearance; and every mark that time leaves upon us, is one of perfection and beauty.

Some of the angels here, are so bright and glorious, that even we, that have been here many years, cannot behold them; and those that come here as children, grow in love and wisdom, until they appear as full grown men and women, and then they go on like the rest."

I now remembered how I had taken my hair in my hand, and looked at it, and it was bright and shining, without a thread of gray; and I was well pleased to think, that I might yet be as beautiful as those with whom I was sitting at table.

Dinner now being over, we went back again to the pretty parlor, the Fraülein Helene accompanying us. I did not speak much, I was most eager to learn.

Voncelora, I questioned, after we had become seated, what was your meaning, when you said, that you knew of my life on earth, and that I was not a married man?

"I meant precisely what I said."

But I certainly have been married twice.

"Well then, dear Herfronzo, tell me, which one of those ladies was your wife?"

I had them both to wife.

"But a man may not have two wives, according to natural law; and as both those ladies are in existence, one here and

one there, which of them do you claim as your wife?"

I did not know how to answer him; but I said, I had supposed that if I lived at all after death, there would be no marrying or giving in marriage.

"How would you like that, dear Katrina?" asked Voncelora, turning to his wife.

She gave me a radiant smile, and placed her beautiful hand in that of Voncelora's.

The Fraülein Helene sat with downcast eyes and mantling blush.

I take it, Voncelora, that you were never married but once, and that you must have dearly loved Katrina, and perhaps, waited for each other until you were reunited in this world?

"Not so—not so! Katrina and myself were never married in the earth-life; we met and loved each other, yet we were never married according to the laws of earth."

How is it, then, I asked, that you had children?

"Her children were not my children; and my children were not her children."

"I was married twice on the earth, she had three husbands; and yet, neither she nor I were ever married until now."

Your talk is very paradoxical, I said.

"Then answer my question, dear Herfronzo, which one of those ladies that you married is your wife; for in this life you cannot have but one."

I have not said that I desired any, I answered. My life as a married man has never been a very happy one: and I think I had rather go on by myself. I do not think that I am well fitted to be the husband of any woman.

I glanced at the Fraulein Helene as I said this. Her beautiful head drooped lower and lower upon her breast,—but, if I must claim one of those ladies for my wife—if it is expected of me—then of course I must claim the one that is already here; for I am separated by death from the one below.

"But your separation from the one that is here, is immeasurably greater than your separation from the one on earth—in fact, it would be an impossibility: for she is as far beyond you now, as the brightest angel is beyond the vilest man on earth: not only this, but she has been for many years united to another, and that other, her rightful other-self, or true counterpart: so to claim her is entirely out of the question. Now then, your only alternative is the wife below, or consider yourself an unmarried man."

But, I said, I have long desired that death might separate us: for we were never happy together: and according to all earthly law, when death separated us, we each had a right to take another husband or wife as the case might be.

"Then you prefer to call yourself an unmarried man: and that is exactly what I called you a short time ago, and you were quite indignant."

I understood you to say, Sir, that I had never been married.

"Precisely," said Voncelora, "and I meant exactly what I said. Your body has been married, but not your soul, or spirit. Your body is now lying dead, down below, it soon will be buried out of sight forever; and you, yourself, your living self, have never been married."

"You cannot be united to the lady that is here in spirit; you cannot be united to the lady below; for your soul in either case had not found its complement; and therefore, dear Herfronzo, you are a perfectly free man, unmarried, and you never were married. Very few persons are ever truly married, until they get here; and no man can marry here, until he finds his rightful other-self, or counterpart; for no half, that is not the other half of his spirit can possibly fit him; for it is the soul—or spirit—that is to be married, and not the body; and the soul of man, cannot unite itself to any other, than the other half of his own soul. Am I paradoxical now, my dear Herfronzo?"

What answer could I make this man? In heaven, they neither marry, nor are given in marriage.

"Well, Herfronzo, we will not argue this point to night; but my Katrina shall prepare a room for you. I think, dear friend, that a little rest will do you good. You are weary and can hear no more just know."

"Fraülein Helene, will you favor us with a song?"

The Fraülein seated herself at the piano, and turning over the leaves of my book, she selected a soft and plaintive air that I loved well; and played and sung in the most perfect

and beautiful manner. Her voice penetrated my whole being. Tears rushed to my eyes; for I had taught that very piece to one whom I had loved well in the earth-life, and I had often played the accompaniment, whilst she sung. I was deeeply moved, and very weary. Katrina had been absent for some little time. She now re-entered the room, saying:

"Herfronzo, dear friend, your room is ready, Voncelora will conduct you to it."

Voncelora arose; and we went up the wide staircase to a room above. He kindly bade me "good night;" and left me to myself.

X.

REST.

THE room was a gem of neatness and beauty, A soft white bed stood in one corner, surrounded by hazy curtains. A window, softly curtained like the bed, was open, and a gentle invigorating breeze filled with the perfume of flowers, struck my face, as I seated myself at the window. The room was at the back of the house and the view from the window was very mountainous but extremely beautiful. Hill, after hill, mountain, after mountain, arose in the distance; and I could not see where they ended. The scene was so exquisite and romantic that I sat for a long time, gazing from the window, and thinking deeply as I gazed.

My mind reviewed all that I had seen and heard since I had left the earth; and this was the sum and substance of what I had learned—in perhaps, the space of twelve hours.

First, that there actually was a life after the death of the body.

Second, that a glorious angel had accompanied me to this world—that it was not like anything I had ever conceived of, or had been taught—or rather it was a world something like the one I had left, but of entirely spiritual substance, instead of material, that it was on a vaster and grander scale.

And now my mind began to ponder on the last lesson which Voncelora had taught me—that there existed for the spirit of man, an enternal counterpart—or, other-half. He had also told me, that my first wife had long been united to the other half of herself; and I was severed from the wife on earth by the death of my body, which he said, "was the only part of me that had ever been married."

I had always been conscious that my soul, or inner being, had lived entirely alone; and now that my body was left behind, I felt that I was wholly alone, except, for these kind friends with whom I was now staying. But, Voncelora was a married man, and this was his home, not mine; and then I threw myself upon the bed, and the image of one that I had dearly loved when in the earth-life, rose up before me, and I thought,—I wish I knew whether she were in this life, or not; for she had often told me, that if she were to die first, she would never forget me, but would wait till I came, no matter how long a time might intervene between her departure and mine. She was not like myself in one respect. She had firmly and fully believed in a future life, although she had often said, that she did not know just what kind of life it might be; but she was convinced that it was not such a one as the most of people believed in. And now, her gentle voice seemed to ring in my ears once more. Her soft eyes to look into mine as they had often done in the earth-life, when she would try to comfort and encourage me, in my otherwise sad existence. I had now found that she was right, and I had

been wrong; thus thinking and greatly wishing that I might meet her here, I fell asleep; and as I slept, I dreamed that I was roaming with her, hand in hand, through this blest and beautiful land.

How long I slept I do not know, but a knock at my door aroused me, and going thither, I opened it and Voncelora entered.

"Have you rested well, dear friend?" he asked.

I have not only rested well, but have been visited by delightful dreams, I answered.

He smiled.

"Dreams! Will you tell me your dreams, Herfronzo?"

Yes, I may as well tell you. My dreams were of one, whom I met years ago in the earth-life. I loved her very dearly. In fact, I think she was the only one whom I ever did really and truly love; but as we were both married at the time we met, of course, we could be nothing more to each other than very dear friends. But she above all others, encouraged, comforted, and held up my drooping spirits—but for her friendship, life would have been to me an intolerable burden, which I would gladly have lain down. My dreams, dear Von. were of her. I thought we had met again in this life, and were united: and, hand in hand, we were roaming into the most heavenly places. This little glen is very beautiful; and this cottage as pretty and home-like as cottage can be; yet, I feel as though I should not like to stay here always. I caught sight of beautiful cities and towns, as

the angel was fetching me here. Voncelora, I think I should like to visit some of those places.

"Certainly, my dear Herfronzo, I have come to you for the purpose of asking—if you would not like to take a short journey with me?"

Nothing would suit me better, dear Von.

"How would you like to go back to earth for a short time, before visiting any of the other places?"

It would suit me very well, I answered,

We passed directly out of the cottage, without seeing Katrina, or the Fraülein Helene. We took the little footpath that led out of the glen; and soon, a vast and beautiful country burst upon my view. I had thought it extremely lovely when I was with the angel; but now it appeared more gloriously beautiful. The air felt to me, like crisp, fresh, dewy morning; and the towns and cities glowed and sparkled like so many glistening jewels; and on the sides of hills I caught sight of shining palaces and stately mansions; glistening minarets and towers were upon the mountains. Rivers and lakes sparkled here and there. I paused. The sight held me spell-bound. I clapped my hands in ecstacy of delight.

Oh, Voncelora! I exclaimed.

I cannot move! I am faint with joy! This is rapture. This is the real heaven,—the immortal life! I feel as though I must go back and tell all my friends, on the dark and unhappy earth, of the glorious reality; the surety of a

future life, and how vast and beautiful this heavenly country is.

Voncelora stood gazing out over this glorious scene. If he had appeared grand and noble before, I now looked at him awe stricken. He appeared like a God. Grandeur, glory, and heaven, were all reflected in his deep blue eyes.

He waved his hands toward this beautiful country, as though he were blessing it, and then turned to me.

"Come—come, my friend, let us go. The earth is dark and unhappy as you say, and now our work lies principly, there."

I now experienced a sudden revulsion of feeling. A shudder passed through me. I thought I could never go back to earth and work any more. The burden seemed too heavy, and I shrank back.

Voncelora, I do not care to go, even to see the friends I left. They will all get along very well without me. Let us go, instead, into that lovely town which I see just ahead.

"We must earn all things before we can enjoy them," he answered, "Dear Herfronzo, we must work and create and then enjoy. You must gain wisdom yourself, and then give of your store to those that have not as much light as you have."

"Have you not left children in the earth-life? Do you not wish to see them—to read their souls aright—and help them? You were the means of bringing them into existence; will you leave them now to struggle on alone, without light and help from heaven? Herfronzo do not yield to such selfish

feelings. You may not enjoy heaven alone, you must help others to enjoy it with you; the heavens here are just what the angels make them. Heaven does not create itself; the natural heaven exists the same as the natural earth, but if man remained on earth in the natural or savage state, he would never rise much above the wild animals; if spirits remained crude and ignorant here, there would be no heaven. Most of the souls that come here are crude and ignorant; they know not how to create their share of heaven, and must first be taught by those wiser than themselves; and if those on the earth did not receive wisdom direct from the angel world, there would be no progression there, and man would remain on a level with the brute. Now, Herfronzo, let us go; for I may not remain idle."

"Katrina usually accompanies me to earth, every day. We work until we are weary, and then we return to our home in the heavens to rest and happiness which we have earned."

Why does not Katrina go with us to day? I asked.

"She remains to comfort the Fraülein Helene, and entertain her," he answered.

"Dear Katrina will not be idle in our absence; and the Fraülein is a little lonely just now, and needs her."

XI.

BACK TO EARTH.

WE were floating swiftly onward as he talked, at a gentle inclination downward, and soon the earth came into view.

Voncelora, I said, of course you must know as well as myself, that for a few years back there has been a great commotion and discussion among the people of earth. Some say, that spirits return and communicate with them, aid and help them. Others will not admit that this is the case, and laugh and sneer at those that think they are conscious of the presence of the departed; and they stubbornly insist, that no one ever returns to earth, after the death of the body. Before I left the earth, I had come to the conclusion, that if man was immortal, he certainly could—and did return. But I had not come to the conclusion that he was immortal. I did not consider that I had any positive proof of the immortality of man; but now I have the positive evidence in my own person, and as we are actually returning to earth, and even now, I can see my own door, of course, I can doubt no longer that the spirit of man returns.

"True," answered Voncelora, "but if you had followed your inclination, instead of my advice, you never would

have known, by actual experience, that spirits did return. They might have told you so, but if you did not experience it in your own person, by what right would you positively know it?"

"And now, let us go in and look at the body, that was once yours, for the last time; for to-morrow they bury it, and every spirit should look upon its own body, before it is put beneath the ground; for a spirit does not care to penetrate below the surface of the earth, and a decaying body is very disgustful to the spirit that once inhabited it. A man's body is very repulsive to him, when once he is out of it, and it is very trying to him, to see his friends weeping and mourning over the filthy, worn out piece of cold clay—very trying to his bright, light, happy self, that has just found immortality."

And as he said these words, we entered the house and the room where my dead body lay. No one happened to be in the room at this moment, and we approached and looked into the coffin. I looked at the form that lay there, for a few seconds, and then turned away with a sick disgust. Oh! how glad, how happy I was, to think, I was out of it forever. I never looked upon it again. I never wanted to.

We now turned our attention to the inmates of the house. She, that had been my wife, was there. She was sorrowing a little, but never gave one thought to anything beyond my earthly form. Truly, I thought, it was that body which was married, and not myself; and when that is put out of her

sight, I am dead to her henceforth and forever. My duty and mission to her is done. My next thought was of my children. One by one, I visited them. They were all dear to me, and I greatly desired to benefit them in some way. I turned to Voncelora, saying; my children are very near my heart, I would that I could take away all their sorrows, and make them happy. Dear friend, can you show me how I may be able to do this?

"Your children will have to bear their own sorrows, as you have had to bear yours," he answered.

But I can now see, that I have been more or less, the cause of much of their sorrow.

"Yes; and ignorance and error is the direct cause of all sorrow and pain. If you had been possessed of all wisdom yourself, dear Herfronzo, you could have taught your children how to be happy."

I lingered over one dear boy, longer than any of the others. He had been a very talented and gifted youth; the pride of my life—a noble generous boy—too generous for his own good. My first wife had been his mother. He was now a man in the prime of life. Voncelora and I approached him, by some method not then understood by me, Voncelora drew aside the veil that rested between myself and this child's soul, or spirit, and I was greatly surprised to find my son, so different from what I had ever supposed him to be. Not that I found his talents less, but more than I had ever dreamed he possessed; and as his spirit stood exposed to my view, I

could see that he was far—very far—my superior in all things. I had tried to instil into this boy's mind, my own materialistic views; but they never found root or lodgement there. He had drifted about on the sea of opinion, for many years; but had eventually made up his mind, that there was a life after the death of the body, and that the spirit of man could return to earth and influence those yet in the body. On making this discovery, I was highly delighted; yet I had known that he thought something like this, before I passed into the higher life; but we had never talked much on the subject.

"Now," said Voncelora, "we will return. This is the first step in the work that lies before you; but my dear Herfronzo you must become extremely wise yourself, before you can teach this man, your son."

I looked at Voncelora, and then at the uncovered spirit of my son. The great resemblance between the two, struck me as being very singular. Voncelora noticed my astonishment and smiled; laying his hand at the same time on the shoulder of my son, and standing side by side with him.

Merciful heavens! What a likeness! They were precisely of the same height—the same complexion—the same full, dark blue eyes—the same bright beard. They were proportioned very nearly alike; and as Voncelora's beautiful white hand rested on my son's shoulder, I noticed the peculiarity of its shape. My son's hand had always been a very peculiar one; and here it was, over again, in the hand of

Voncelora. I was greatly mystified. What a striking resemblance! How very strange! Yet one was a spirit and the other in mortal flesh.

Do you know, dear Voncelora, I said, that my son's spirit as you now reveal it to me, is almost a fac-smile of yourself?

"Yes," he said, "and that is why I so reveal it."

"I am your son's guardian spirit; and have been for many years. He is, and has been far more to me, than he ever was or will be to you; but you being his father, shall help me in my work with him; and remember, Herfronzo, we have no common person to deal with. His body was directly propagated by yourself. His soul belongs to me by right of near kinship. And now, Herfronzo, let us go. Katrina awaits us." And so we swiftly passed upward to the immortal country.

XII.

THE LAKE.

BEFORE we reached the glen, we were met by Katrina and Fraülein Helene. They wore wide hats, their hands were filled with flowers, their cheeks glowed, their eyes sparkled. The dogs were bounding and frolicking about them. Katrina hastened to meet Voncelora, with outstretched hands. He clasped her to his heart and kissed her, again and again. She laid her bright face against his shoulder.

"We are not often separated," he said, turning to me. "We will rest awhile at the cottage and then we will find something more to interest us."

And so he walked rapidly on, with one arm thrown fondly around his Katrina's lovely form. Fraülein Helene and I, were left far behind; and I loitered still more, for I wanted to be alone with Helene. I offered her my arm. She accepted it. I gazed into the lovely face. Her eyes were downcast and her hand trembled a little, as it rested on my arm. There was something inexplicable about her. I was greatly attracted and should have given her my heart at once if it had not been for my dreams at the time I slept. Earth, and all its troubles and cares, now seemed very far away; and I do not know as ever I should have wanted to return to it again, but for the remembrance of that dear son, whom I

had just left. He seemed to be the one link that bound me to the dark and unhappy earth. I knew the lady whom I had loved was in this beautiful world somewhere and this kept me from making love to the Fraülein. I could not forget that noble woman. Her image was constantly before me. I must try and find her. The love that I once bore her seemed purified and intensified. I wondered why she had not met me? for she had promised me this much when in the earth-life. And so, Helene and I walked slowly on.

Voncelora and Katrina, had long since disappeared within the cottage; but I did not wish to enter the cottage at present. I thought that Voncelora might like to be alone with his Katrina; and I think Helene thought so too. We wandered on, until we came to a little dell, and before us lay a placid lake in miniature. Its banks were green and mossy, and its surface was dotted here and there with pure white lilies. A little boat lay moored to the shore, her white sails all spread to catch the breeze.

Fraülein Helene, I said, suppose we take a sail in that little boat, yonder. We may do so if we like, may we not?

"Oh yes," she answered. "That little ship belongs to me, and I sail in her whenever I like."

We went down the gently sloping bank, and got into the boat. Taking our seats, I weighed the little anchor. A gentle breeze caught our sails and the boat glided out upon the placid water. Helene's soft dark eyes sought my face; and as her glance met mine, it thrilled me, through and

through. I thought I should like to know more about this lovely being.

Fraülein, I said, you have been in this world for some time, have you not?

"About six months," she replied.

I suppose you have learned a great deal in that length of time?

"Yes," she answered, softly, " I have learned much."

"Were you happy, on the earth, below?

"Oh, no," she said. "Perhaps, as happy as most people; but I was very thankful when the time came for me to lay my body down and take up my life in this heavenly land, where there is no more death, and where all wrongs are shortly righted."

Did you suffer much wrong in the earth-life, Helene?

"Yes," she answered. "I lived there for more than sixty years, unappreciated, unloved. My life was filled with care and trouble and much toil; but my reward here, awaits me."

"You say, it awaits you. Have you not entered into your reward yet? "No," she softly said, "but the blessing for which I have waited so long, is about to descend upon me."

A sigh escaped my lips; for I was thinking of the woman whom I had loved for so many years—loved with such a yearning affection—and yet, the streams of our lives must run apart.

Fraülein Helene, I said, I would like to make a confidant of you, and perhaps you can help me. I dreamed when I

slept, of one whom I loved for many years in the earth-life. I dreamed that we met in this land, and were united; and hand in hand we roamed through this vast and beautiful country, gathering wisdom at every step we took. Dear Fraülein Helene, have you ever met this lady? for I do not know how to find her. She promised me that she would await my coming, and be the first to meet me, if—as she was sure—there was another life. But I have not seen her, and feel very much disappointed. I cannot keep her out of my thoughts. Oh! I would that I could see her!

"You have not met many people here yet," she answered, "but tell me the lady's name, and how she looked?"

Her name—her name was Mrs.—Mrs. Bancroft.

"Oh, her given name, I meant."

"Her given name—let me see if I can remember—I do not think I ever heard it called more than once or twice. Yes, I remember now, it was Ellen. She was of German parentage, and must in her youth, have been called Fraülein Helene.

A little shock went through me, as Helene's great dark eyes met my own.

"And tell me, my friend, how did she look? Was she beautiful?"

She looked very beautiful to me, I answered, for I loved her very much; it was her soul I loved, and not her body; and yet, I think her body was very comely. When I first became acquainted with her, she was a lady somewhat past forty; the mother of quite a number of children. She was a second

wife. Her husband was a merchant in good circumstances. His wife saw but very little of him. She often told me that her husband was almost a stranger to her, she saw him so seldom, and there was no such thing as love between them. I gave music lessons to this lady's daughters for about ten years; then they married, and I had no more occasion to visit at the house, and so lost sight of her; but her image never left my heart. No,—not for one moment; and now that I am here, she is my first thought.

"Do you think you would recognize her, if you were to see her here?"

I think I should, I replied. She must be now over sixty. She was quite fleshy and matronly in her appearance, her eyes were very dark, her hair was somewhat gray, but her expression was one of goodness and refinement combined.

The Fraülein remained silent; which caused me to look at her inquiringly. I thought her the most beautiful creature I had ever seen. Slight and extremely graceful; not more than twenty in her appearance. Her great dark eyes reminded me of a soft starlight night. Her complexion was creamy, her cheeks the color of a blush rose. Her soft dark hair was not now confined as it had been at dinner, but was floating around her, like a dark cloud, the breeze catching it up and waving it to and fro. Her beautiful white hands lay listlessly upon her lap, her broad hat had fallen at her feet. Her dress was soft and flowing, nearly white, just tinged with green. I wanted to fall at her feet and wor-

ship her; but thoughts of that other-one restrained me.

Presently, she again raised her large, pleading eyes to my face—she stretched forth her beautiful hands, which were as white as the lilies resting upon the bosom of the lake.

"Herfronzo! Dear—dearest Herfronzo! Do you not recognize your Helene?"

Her voice had a little pleading wail in it.

Oh, merciful heavens! Could this beautiful, youthful, exquisite creature, be the matronly, somewhat plain Mrs. Bancroft, that I had known and loved in the earth-life? that I still loved, but never dreamed of finding her in this beautiful guise. For a moment or two, I sat like one stunned; and then, with a great cry of joy, I clasped her in my arms.

Yes, it was she! It came home to my soul all at once. How blind I had been. I might have known she would be changed, and yet, I had thought of her as meeting me, looking very much as she did the last time I saw her.

"Herfronzo, dear Herfronzo! I have kept my promise. I have known from the first, every movement you have made. I met you, as soon as I thought I could consistently do so, and I have waited patiently all this time to be recognized. Darling! I could wait no longer. The only man I ever loved, or ever shall love, or ever can love; my other self; my counterpart; the other half of my own soul!" "And now, dearest Herfronzo, we are an angel; whereas before this, we were but spirits, separate beings, and not a whole, or unit; and none can become angels until they are made whole."

I listened to her like one entranced; then, I at last said; Voncelora is an angel?

"Oh, yes," she answered, "he has been an angel for many years."

Tell me, Helene, who was Voncelora in the earth-life?"

"Dearest Herfronzo," she answered, "I will not forestall him. If he has not already revealed himself to you, he has good reasons for not doing so, and it is not my place to thwart them. Be patient, my darling, for no one need hurry here in this world."

Oh, Helene, I said, I feel, now that we are united once more, as though my progress in wisdom would be very rapid.

"Yes, dear Herfronzo," she replied, "no man can be wise without love, and no woman can truly love and not be wise, they must go hand in hand together."

Then, this was the meaning of the figures I saw in the arched way, as I entered this life with the angel, true love, clasping hands with wisdom. Our little boat had now touched the shore.

"Dear love," said Helene as we landed, "it is not necessary that we go back to stay with Voncelora and Katrina any more; in fact it would not be proper for us to do so. Each angel, here, live by themselves. We may visit the angel Voncelora, but we may not reside with him. It was for my sake, he took you in, and it was I, that bade the receiving angel leave you at the door of the cottage."

Who was the receiving angel, that fetched my spirit hither?

"It really was Voncelora and Katrina, that received your spirit, and I was really with them, leading the way, but invisible to you—for we all thought it best—as you were not then prepared to recognize me, and be united to me."

But, Helene, I said, is there no kind of marriage ceremony here? Do we just live together and unite ourselves?

"We will talk of this at some future time," she answered, gently, "just now, you shall be my guest if you desire it. Come, dearest Herfronzo, this is my home for the present. Come, and we will dine together."

XIII.

HELENE'S VILLA.

OUR little ship was now wafted to the shore, and we walked up a pebbly beach; but the pebbles were like so many jewels, and as we walked along the shining shore, I could distinguish saphires, rubies, topaz's, emeralds, pearls, diamonds, opals, garnets, and every valuable and beautiful jewel that I had ever seen, and the sand appeared to be of silver and gold. I thought of that heaven, which the christian's believe in. But even this little shore, lined with jewels of untold value, was far more beautiful; and my Helene was all my own—my affianced—my bride. This was far better than the other heaven, for there they were supposed not to marry, or be given in marriage; and I had always thought that I should prefer not to go to that heaven, for it would be a most lonely and unnatural life—loving every body just the same, all, clothed alike, in long white robes, walking about streets of gold praising God; and he forever seated on a great white throne—whether he ever descended from that throne did not appear. But this was the reality; and oh; how much better I liked it.

"Look! Dear Herfronzo," said Helene, "that is my home."

I looked and a beautiful valley lay smiling before me. A shining highway ran through this valley. The lake over whose bosom we had just sailed was its western boundary; in the east, green undulating hills appeared. The valley was

dotted here and there with beautiful villas, erected after the most fanciful styles. Many of the villas were white with azure domes and golden cupolas. The shining porches were twined with honeysuckle and roses; and all manner of beautiful flowers bloomed in the gardens. Fountains and white statuary gleamed through the green and perfect trees.

Helene pointed to one of the most beautiful of these little villas, saying. "That is to be our home for the present, dearest Herfronzo." And we paused a moment before entering, for I wished to observe it. It was a beautiful little edifice, a fitting home for my lovely Helene. Three pearly steps led up to an arched doorway. The door itself glistened with diamonds. The house was laid in blocks of polished marble; the windows were very quaint and of stained glass. It was crowned with an azure roof and golden cupola.

We entered an exquisitely appointed room.

I was somewhat weary after my visit to earth; she seemed to know this without my speaking of it; she pointed to an elegant lounge, saying. "Rest there for a short time, dearest Herfronzo, whilst I go and prepare the dinner.

You do not mean to tell me that you prepare the dinner with your own hands? I said, in some surprise. "Certainly, I do." she answered. "If your dinner was not prepared by me, by whom should it be prepared?

Beautiful ladies, like yourself, on the earth, keep servants I said. They would consider it degrading to do menial service.

"To prepare a dinner for you, is not menial service," she answered. "No service can be too great for us to render those whom we love, we serve each other for love in this world, and we have no paid hirelings."

And are you the only one that loves me in this life? I asked. Not that her love did not fill my being and satisfy me completely, but I had many relatives here and thought that some of them ought to meet me.

"Oh, no my darling; I am not the only one; there is not an angel in this life but what loves you; but my love exceeds all other love, and it is my privilege to prepare food that you may eat and your hungry spirit be satisfied therewith."

She now left me to myself for a short time, and I lay pondering on all that I had seen and heard. I experienced a delightful feeling of supreme rest and satisfaction. I was here alone, in an elegant spiritual home, with the woman of all others that I had most loved in the earth-life. She was now youthful and beautiful beyond anything I had ever dreamed. The house seemed to be just large enough for two; or, as they had told me, the rightful male and female were one angel. Everything was quiet, peaceful and restful. No servants, no toil.

I started up—but Helene must be toiling if she were preparing the dinner herself, and while she was toiling, I was lying here at rest—I would find her and help her—and then, an inner voice whispered to me—but you have toiled

back to earth, that was hard work, and you are weary, rest—rest. You can help your Helene at another time. So, in a delightful trance of peace and rest I fell asleep. I cannot say how long I slept; but I felt a soft hand on my arm, and opening my eyes, Helene was bending over me.

"Come, dear Herfronzo, our dinner is ready."

I rose to my feet. Her sweet lips met mine in a fond kiss, and taking my hand, she led me forth, and crossing the hall we entered the neat little dining room

If Katrina's dining room had been beautiful, this was far more so; and we took our seats at a little table just large enough for two. The table was spread with a snowy cloth; a silver fountain stood in the centre, containing wine and water; there was pure white bread and grapes; this was all. I had already discovered that spirits ate nothing but bread and fruit, and I had gradually lost all sense of hunger, such as one feels when in the body; for I no longer had a material body to sustain. Helene's lovely eyes looked into mine, and I read there, immortal, imperishable love,—the love that I had always longed and yearned for, but never found until I found my Helene. And, as her gentle gaze met mine again, and again, a strength and power seized me, and I felt as though I could scale the mountain heights of all wisdom; for now, true love was at last mine; and love and wisdom, equally balanced, is the great lever that moves all heavenly and spiritual life.

XIV.

HELENE'S STORY.

HELENE, I said, tell me something of yourself. I heard incidentally that you were dead, and that is all I have known about you for many years. Tell me, dear, did you suffer much before you left the body?

"I did not suffer any in the act of dying, but I suffered much, physically and mentally, for some months before my departure."

"My children were all married and scattered; one here and one there; my husband's one thought was the getting of money, although we were far, very far, above want, he being already a millionaire." I had begged him for some few years before my departure, to give up business and take me abroad. I longed to see more of the world in which I lived; and I thought if he were more with me, he would learn to love me; and my heart thirsted for love. But he would not listen for an instant to my wishes. He always had one answer for me. First of all, he said, he could not afford it; and he would not give up business until he was worth at least five million.

He considered that he was still, a poor man. He thought I might stop my whining and sit still and do nothing, without troubling him with my complaints. He had married me when I was a poor girl. He considered that he had conferred a great favor upon me by so doing. I had sometimes told him that I longed for his affection—that I was dying for want of love—which seemed to make him very angry, and he would say. "Are you not comfortable? Do you want for anything that I do not provide for you? How silly for a woman or your age, to talk about love;" and, perhaps, we would not see each other again for some weeks, he having a suite of rooms by himself, and taking his breakfast in his own rooms. He dined at a fashionable hotel, and did not return home till late in the evening, when he would go directly to his own rooms; and thus, my life passed in sorrow and loneliness, until one morning my body was found, but my spirit had escaped."

"Mr. Bancroft now, is about to marry a young girl; and it will be another miserable, loveless marriage. I have visited earth a great many times since I have been here, and find that the young lady whom he is to marry, does not love him in the least; but her parents desire her to marry him for his money, and the position it will give her in society; and she is nothing loth; yet, at the same time she secretely loves another; and that other will be broken hearted on the day that she marries Mr. Bancroft. Mr. Bancroft imagines he loves the young lady. But it is not love. It flatters his vanity to

think, that he, an old man, can marry a young girl. He is too blind to see, that she marries him solely for his money; and not for anything that is good or noble in himself. I pity them both; for she will lead a loveless life unless she is false to Mr. Bancroft; and Mr. Bancroft's soul will become more, and more withered, as time goes on; and when he comes to this life, his spirit will be very much distorted."

"Dearest Herfronzo," she said, as she passed me the bread and filled my goblet with red wine, "if it had not been for the few hours that I occasionly passed in your society, whilst you were giving lessons to my daughters, and afterwards would stay a short time and converse with me, I never should have known the meaning of the word love, during my earthly life."

"My poor Helene, I said, my heart used to bleed for you, and if it had been possible to either of us, you never should have led that suffering, loveless life.

"Herfronzo," she said, "if I had then known what I now know, and had been sure of it, my sufferings would have been greatly lessened; yet, I had a secret hope that buoyed me up considerably; and it was, that I should be permitted to meet you after death, and possibly, we might then be together; but it was a dim, far off hope to me, and I knew not whether it would be so, or not. Oh! the reality, as I have found it, surpasses all my dreams. Herfronzo, my darling, I have been with you every day since I came to this life; and I have only left you long enough to learn how to prepare a place,

and happiness for you. Voncelora and Katrina have been my teachers. Spirits are usually placed within schools but the angel Voncelora, knew that you would soon join us here and his love and interest in you, led him to take a deep interest in me; and so they have spent much of their time in teaching me that which I ought to know. We have visited earth every day together, and whilst I was lingering near you, Voncelora and Katrina hovered near your son Karl. I too, sometimes lingered near him, for he interested me greatly."

My dearest Helene, I said, you will now teach me all that you have learned since you have been in this life, I am very eager to know all that may be known.

"Yes, I will teach you all that I have learned since coming here; and then, hand in hand, we shall spend an eternity together, learning all there is to know; for this I have learned since coming here—that every soul in existence has a mate, or counterpart; the actual other half of itself; and until they are reunited as a whole or perfect being, they can never be really happy, or make much progress in wisdom. Until love and wisdom are united, truth cannot come to light, and error and darkness reign."

Dearest Helene, do you mean to tell me that you and I are the actual halves that make the perfect whole? Is this one of the things that you have learned since you came here?

"Yes," she answered, her face lighting up in a heavenly smile. "This I have learned beyond all peradventure!"

Oh, Helene! Helene, my darling! How supremely happy

and blest your words make me; for I could desire no greater joy than to work and learn with you. But, what proof, what evidence have you that this is really the case, and that we cannot be mistaken?

"You are the same Herfronzo that you were in the earth-life," she said, with a sweet smile. "You must have positive proof of all things, or, you will not believe."

Dearest Helene, I said, it is not that I do not wish it to be so; it is not that I do not love you above all other women, and greatly desire that it should be so; but my mind is so constructed that I cannot accept anything on faith. I must have evidence. I could not have faith in a life after death, because I had no actual proof of it; but now that I have experienced it, the evidence is incontrovertible. My dear Helene, I desire evidence of things here, just the same as I did there. I cannot take everything for granted without proof.

"Well," she answered, "as I am the other half of yourself, I knew all this before; and have, therefore, prepared myself with all the proof necessary. When I was a little girl and went to school, I used to do a plain sum in arithmetic, and then prove it by another method; and the sum was not considered perfect, until it stood this double test. Dear Herfronzo, our mutual and unselfish love for each other, and my desire to wait for you in the heavens, and your desire to meet me here, and our perfect fitness for each other —the fact, that no other has awaited you—the fact, that your

wife on the earth only thinks of you as you were in the body, and does not think of your spirit at all—the fact, that your first wife has long ago been united to her own otherself—and during all this time you have been united to another woman—the fact that when you and I met on earth, we found rest and peace in each other, that no one else could give—the fact, that when we met our minds worked together in perfect harmony and bright truth was eliminated by the contact. This was one of the greatest tests that we could know while we dwelt in the earthly sphere. This is doing the plain sum the first time. Now to prove the sum by the double test. The germs of eternal truth are lying dormant within every spiritual being that exists. Sound your own soul, dearest Herfronzo. Sound it to the very bottom, and if you can conceive, within the remotest corners of your being, of a female, that you think would in any way suit, or fit you better, then, I am not your soul's counterpart. But the one that you can, even in the remotest depths of your imagination, place before me, or think she would excel me in some way, then that one is your other self, or your soul's counterpart. Put the test to your own soul, my darling! Sound it again and again. Take plenty of time. You do not have to search the spiritual spheres outside of yourself. You are not obliged to meet this spirit, or that spirit, or innumerable spirits, and try to make your choice from them; the image of your counterpart is for ever reflected within your own being. Look in a mirror, my dearest Herfronzo, and you see your own reflection. You

are not mistaken; you know it to be the reflection of yourself. Your own soul is a mirror in which your other self is reflected. It is reflected perfectly. There is no mistake about it. It cannot make a mistake. The mirror, which is your own soul is perfect. You have been accustomed in earth-life to call this reflection the ideal, or, your beau-ideal, and people talk very glibly about their beau-ideals, never dreaming they are striking a great fundamental truth; and you have often heard them say; "Oh! a person never can attain to the ideal! Their beau-ideal's are never realized."

"This is not true, my dear; for soul-mates often meet in the earth-life, and when they have once met, they can never be separated. Their earthly bodies may be separated for a season, but their souls, nevermore. If oceans and continents rise up between them, it makes no difference; their souls will gravitate together as naturally as the apple falls to the ground, for there is a law of soul gravitation, just as there is a law of material gravitation, and one cannot possibly keep his soul's counterpart away from himself; but, like the apple, they do not gravitate together, until they are ripe; not, when they are ignorant, green or crude. The apple does not fall to the ground, until it is ripe; neither do soul counterparts gravitate together until they are fitted for each other."

But, my dearest Helene, many apples fall to the ground while they are yet very imperfect.

"Yes," she replied, "those that are worm eaten, not the sound and perfect apple. The worm eaten may represent

those that passed into the spiritual world while they were yet infants and children."

I looked in astonishment at this perfect and lovely Helene. It seemed impossible that such wisdom could issue from the lips of a beautiful girl, that did not look more than twenty years of age; although I now knew her to be a spirit, and the former Mrs. Bancroft. Yet, Mrs. Bancroft of old, had not such heavenly wisdom. She had been a very gentle, and sensible lady, and I had loved and admired her greatly; yet, I did not at that time understand anything about soul-mating; but whenever I had met and conversed with this lady, I had never felt a jar of any kind; it had always made me happy and my burdens easier to bear.

XV.

THE UNIT.

HELENE, I said, if you had not proved your sum by the double test, I might have taken exception to it; but this double test interests me greatly. I understand you to mean, that eternity dwells within the soul of man as well as outside of it; and when he turns his mind inward, and searches the depths of his own immortal and eternal being, there, he may find reflected the image of his other-self. That is, the very highest of the high ideal that he can possibly imagine, is the true reflection of his other-self, as he will surely find her some day, on earth. or in the heavens.

"Precisely so, my dearest Herfronzo; but, this ideal must fit him everywhere; that is, his counterpart must fit him at all points, and this is another true test; for if there is one spot of his eternal inner being that is left unmatched, uncovered, or not exactly fitted, then he has not found his other-self; he is deceived and she is not his own; there is but

one soul throughout eternity that belongs to him. For as he can never be any other being than himself, so she, his other-self, can never be any other being than herself. And as he can never be anybody but himself, which to all must be a self-evident truth, so the other half of himself can never be any other than the other half of himself." "Now, this is, two halves make one whole, and is too simple a sum to need any other proof. But, if children in wisdom need any other proof let them take one half, and then a quarter, and try to make a whole; they will find that instead of a whole, or perfect thing, they have only got three quarters, and not a whole; or, they cannot match a half with a fragment; they must have exactly another half to make a unit—or one." Not only this, but the true halves were one from the beginning, and were separated into two forms that they might take on material substance—or, a material body for the purpose of propagation and progression; very soon after leaving their bodies behind, they are again united and become one angel."

"My dear Herfronzo, you shall remain my guest as long as you please, until you are fully convinced that all I say is true, or otherwise. We will meet in the parlor and converse together. We will dine together. We will walk and sail together. We will visit other angels. We will go into cities and towns. We will visit the earth and the loved ones we have left there. We will invite Voncelora and Katrina to dine with us and accompany us often. You shall even stay

with Voncelora and Katrina if you prefer; and not until your own soul recognizes the truth in all its bearings, and you are convinced, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that I am really your other-self, will we unite ourselves more than this. We will be the same as lovers. And after you have visited these places, and you have seen all that you can see in this sphere—for you cannot leave it until you are an angel, as this is the spiritual and not the angelic sphere, angels may come here but we may not go to them until we become an angel—if, after all this, you still doubt, then we will not be united; but, if you are thoroughly convinced, then we will become a very angel indeed."

"Herfronzo, you never could accept anything on faith; nature does not design that you shall, and you must prove by actual experience all that I have said in this respect."

"I certainly match you, for I am anxious that you should prove it to your entire satisfaction."

"When we were in the earth-life, you doubted immortality. I did not; and you have now found that I was right. I am the spiritual half of yourself, and the spiritual half of man reaches upward after the bread of life, therefore, dearest Herfronzo, eat of the bread which I prepare for you."

Helene, when I become convinced that all you say is true, will there be some one to perform a marriage ceremony for us?

"No," she answered, "there is no such thing throughout all the heavens. It would be considered sacrilegious for another

angel to presume to unite those whom God, or natural law united from the beginning; or those that were created as one; it would appear to them like an unmeaning mummery, or mockery."

Our dinner was over, and as I looked out from the back of the house, a beautiful arbor met my view. It looked so shaded and retired that I thought I should like to go there and think over all that Helene had said, and so I went and took a seat within it.

Helene remained within the house. She had said that if we were one, time, nor eternity could not separate us, and therefore there was no hurry. I should have plenty of time to do as she had requested, and the idea rather pleased me than otherwise. I thought I should like to be young again, and court my bride.

XVI.

MY FIRST WIFE.

THIS idea of eternal soul mates was entirely new to me; but, as I sat there thinking it all over, I remembered that Swedenborg had written something like it; and Voncelora, Katrina, and Helene, had now corroborated it; and Helene had told me how to test the truth of it; and so I commenced to search my soul to its very remotest recesses to see just what my highest ideal might be, and how nearly Helene resembled it. After thinking deeply and trying in every way to imagine a lady that might excel Helene, I gave up the task. She certainly was my ideal—my very highest ideal. She had been my ideal when in earth-life. She had been all that I then could imagine, a noble, intelligent, kind-hearted and refined lady ought to be. Extreme beauty had very few charms for me, unless the person possessing it had all the aforesaid virtues, as well; and, although, some might have called Mrs. Bancroft plain, she was in my eyes a very beautiful woman; for the spirit within her body was this most lovely Helene. Katrina was very beautiful; yet her beauty did

not impress me as Helene's did. I could look upon Katrina as a lovely sister, but she would never impress me in any other way; but Helene quickened me to the innermost recesses of my soul. I did not doubt what she had said in the least; but still, I thought I would do as my mind impelled me, prove all things, and not accept anything on faith. While I thus sat in pleasant reverie, gazing out over the beautiful green hills, there suddenly appeared in the doorway of the arbor, a supremely lovely being. A Lady. She stood there for some few minutes without speaking; a soft smile on the perfect lips, gazing at me with her radiant blue eyes. She was gloriously beautiful! So beautiful that she dazzled me, and I covered my eyes for a short time, for I felt dazed and almost stunned. Presently she approached me and laid her beautiful hand on my arm.

"Herfronzo," she said, "do you recognize me?"

I trembled like a leaf. Oh! my reader; try to imagine what my feelings were at this moment.

Yes, I recognized her. This beautiful angel was the woman I married in my youth; the mother of my eldest children; and she had been in this life for many—many years.

"Do you know who I am?" she again asked with a winning smile.

Yes, you are Mary, are you not?

"I was called by that name many years ago in the earth-life," she answered sweetly; "and I am come to pay you a visit and talk of our children, and of other things besides."

I had been sitting by a lovely little table, with my arm resting upon it; she took a seat at the other side of the table.

"My dear Herfronzo," she said, "tell me of what you were thinking? for you seemed to be in a very thoughtful mood."

I gazed at her but could not speak. How could I tell this lady, that was once my wife, the thoughts that had just been passing through my mind. That I had been thinking of paying my court at another shrine. I experienced a feeling akin to that of shame.

"Well," she said, archly, "if you do not care to tell me, I think I can tell you every thought which has passed through your mind since you have been sitting here."

I felt a blush rise to my face as I regarded her.

"Herfronzo, I wish you would answer me one question; and answer it in all sincerity. Yet, it would make little difference whether you answered it sincerely, or not; for it is impossible for us to deceive each other in this life; but, which do you love best, Helene, or myself?"

I again raised my eyes to her heavenly face. I looked at her as one might look at a bright star. I felt a sublime awe gradually creep through all my being; but to love this glorious angel on a conjugal basis, I knew would be utterly impossible. She was as far above, and beyond me, and as far from me in every way, as the stars are above and beyond, and far off, from the earth.

"You do not answer my question Herfronzo, and I will answer it for you."

"You love Helene better than you do me; yet, I am not in the least jealous. All the love that ever belonged to me, I have always received from you. Can I find any fault with this? That which does not belong to me by natural right, is not mine; and if I were to take that which was not mine, I should become a robber; but we cannot become robbers here, for we cannot deceive each other in any way."

"How revolting and shocking are many of the so-called marriages in the earth-life; constantly deceiving, bickering, and quarrelling with each other among the less refined; but a thousand times more deceptive are the so-called upper classes, for they are always trying to make it appear they dearly love each other, and their earthly lives are often spent in acting out a great falsehood; for many of them are not conjugal mates, and never can be; they are robbing not only themselves, but the one they are trying to deceive."

"Herfronzo, set your mind forever at rest on one point. I am not your conjugal mate. I never was, I never can be. Forever cast aside that feeling, which belongs wholly to earth, that you owe me some conjugal duty. You owe me not one particle of conjugal love, or duty; and even the thought of it has caused your cheek to be dyed with shame."

"In earth-life, our sin was the sin of ignorance. We were children in wisdom, filled with error; and so, I am the mother of some of your children and you are the father of mine; that is the only tie that exists between us, except the tie that exists between all spirits and angels. You are to me

a brother spirit. I am to you a sister angel. The wife which you have left on earth, is still less to you than I am, for her spirit cannot even enter into the least sympathy, or rapport with you, and this, I am able to do." "Now, once for all, Herfronzo, look—look at me long and well. Enter into sympathy with me as much as possible, and then answer the first question that I put to you. Which do you love best, Helene, or Mary?"

I did as she bade me. I looked at her long and well. I searched my soul to its remotest depths; and then I answered her.

Mary, I said, I find that I admire you, that I revere you, that your presence fills me with awe, that I love you as one is supposed to love the angels; but I cannot find within my soul, one particle of conjugal love for you; and I now see that I never did love you with real, conjugal love.

"This is as it should be," she replied. "You are learning wisdom very fast, and are nearly ready to become an angel. I am eager that you should become an angel as soon as possible, for then you will be better fitted to visit and help our dear Karl, who still remains in the earth-life, as well as our other children. But our work will lie mostly with Karl; for through him will the most benefit be done to the greatest number. This is the economy of heaven."

"And now it is forever settled that your conjugal love does not belong to me, or to the wife that is still on the earth. Now the question is, to whom does it belong?"

"It is useless for me to tell you that it belongs to Helene,

for you have no moral right to believe anything because some one else tells you so; you must have positive evidence through the experience of your own soul, before you can actually know anything.

Now the spiritual world is not as large and extensive as many suppose; for spirits are very soon made angels, and as you already know, an angel is one that has become united to its other-self; and after it has become united to that other-self, it can no more be separated. It is one angel. It has answered the end and aim of being cleft in twain, which is merely an earthly condition for the purpose of propagation; and as there is no propagation here, there is no necessity for it to remain in halves any longer, and it speedily becomes one; for love and wisdom must be joined, that truth may become apparent; and thus you see, Herfronzo, you cannot seek your other-self among the angels, for it must be clear to you that she cannot by any possibility be there; for there are no mistaken marriages among the angels; that is another impossibility; for if there was the least discrepency they could not unite themselves in conjugal love; it would not only be apparent to themselves, but to every other angel in existence for there can be no deception here, and there is no law here, by which a priest can tie two discordant spirits together; and there is not such a thing as a priest, throughout all the world of angels; that is another entirely earthly condition; then, Herfronzo, it only remains for you to seek your conjugal mate among the spirits, or down in the earthly sphere."

At the mention of seeking my conjugal mate in the earthly sphere, a shudder ran through me, and I said.

Rather than seek my mate in the earthly sphere, I would live without one for eternal ages. I am so tired and weary of earth, that even the thought of returning as a spirit is extremely distasteful to me.

"You will feel very differently, bye and bye, when you find how much good you can do, and how much happiness you can give to those yet in the earthly sphere; if I did not know this to be absolutely true, I would not venture to say so. And now it only remains for you to seek your mate in the spiritual sphere. But the laws of the spiritual sphere are not like those of the earthly sphere. In the earth, the male seeks the female, or rather he is inclined to roam after a promiscuous fashion; and the female that is fortunate enough to net him—or enthrall him long enough to have a legal marriage ceremony performed, considers herself very fortunate indeed; and she does not often stop to ask, whether he is fitted to make her happy, or not; but, if he has money and can keep her in style?"

"Now there is nothing of all this in the spiritual world, and no male ever seeks his female, that law here is reversed, and there is no such thing as roaming promiscuously. Immediately a spirit comes here, they are either placed in schools where they are taught the true laws of their being, or like yourself, my dear Herfronzo, they are met by their own other-self. In this case it is not necessary that they be placed

within schools, for as soon as they become angels they reside by themselves; and as soon as you become an angel you will understand the work and mission of angels. Now the male here, does not seek the female; but the female is prepared for the male; that is, his true spiritual half is taught just who her other-self is. If she comes to this life first, which is the case nine times out of ten, she is placed in a school of wisdom and love, and instructed by angels; and they in their higher wisdom make no mistakes in these matters. But, it sometimes happens that the male comes first; and when this is the case he becomes earth bound, he cannot rise until his spiritual half is here.

There is a law of soul gravitation, and he gravitates to the spirit of his female half and remains near her, until she too, becomes a spirit; and she seldom, or never, remains long in the earth after her true counterpart is in the spiritual life."

"Now then, my dear Herfronzo, Helene came to this life about six months ago. She has been taught by higher wisdom, just who her other-self is, and has been fitted to receive you. She is your rightful counterpart; and there is no mistake about it. I shall leave her to tell you her own experience."

Mary arose to depart.

"Adieu! dear Herfronzo, I shall see you again and often; for we have a common interest, and a work that each must help to perform Our first thought and care after becoming angels, is for our children, and you have much to learn.

XVII.

AN AGED MAN.

IT will be remembered that the lake over which Helene and myself had sailed, lay in front of the little Villa, and a beautiful vista of green hills and mountains at the back. As my eyes now roamed over these lovely hills, I thought I should like to take a walk across them. Walking here, requires only an effort of the will. It requires nothing more than that in the earth-life, the only difference between here and there, is, that on the earth you have a heavy material body to carry, that grows very weary after a short time and one cannot walk far, whereas here, your body is light, airy and refined, and it can be moved by the will with almost incredible velocity or it can remain quiescent, or move slowly at one's pleasure. We are often weary, and require rest; but it is more of the mind than of the body. One's feet need not touch the spiritual earth, unless one pleases. I preferred to float gently along and pause at those spots that most interested me; and just now it seemed to please me to be alone; yet my thoughts were with, and of Helene; and I desired to ponder well the words that Mary had spoken. All that she had said bore truth upon

its face; the highest, best, and purest truth. How could I cavil, or question anything which she had told me? Could my mind replace it with anything higher, or better? and yet, after all, how simple, as all nature is simple when once understood. Oh, how much better; how infinitely better was the truth as I found it, than the hocus pocus mess of twaddle and laborious twistings and turnings of a plan of salvation which amounts to this—that God in the form of a man, created an earth out of nothing; then he made a fiery hell and a devil, then he made a man out of some dust, put him in a garden and gave him his orders. He was not to have any wisdom—which is of course, knowledge—if he did he was to be driven forth; and when he yielded up his spirit, it was to be turned over to the devil, to be burned and tormented forever. But, after a great many thousand years, God repented of what he had done, thought he had made a great mistake, and he would now try and rectify it; so he came down and visited a girl, and she soon after bore him a child; then he causes this child, after he has become a very good man, to be murdered, so that all that had faith in him and washed in his blood, might escape this firey hell, which God had made for man, and squeeze, without any merit of his own, into another place called heaven where God resided, there to sing praises to this lovely God for ever more. But why man should praise this most horrible and imperfect being does not appear, for man could know nothing but sorrow during his whole earthly existence.

Thus I pondered as I moved on over this most exquisitely beautiful country; my very existence, and every motion that I made giving me the most intense delight. Now, I had never believed in this plan of salvation; my brain being so constituted that I could not accept anything on faith. I must have reason, or, positive proof of all things before I could believe; and, here I was, actually in the life after the death of my body and there was neither Hell, Devil, nor God, as represented by the Christian Church; but, instead, a most natural and beautiful world; many degrees more beautiful than the earth I had left; and this world was peopled with angels and spirits. Instead of retrogression of any kind, there was progression of all kinds. I had already met a few of my friends and expected to meet many more. All these things as I found them, gave me intense delight and satisfaction.

I had wandered on over these hills in this thoughtful mood for some time. I had passed very many pretty dwellings. Dogs had occasionally followed me a little way, fawning upon me and lapping my hand as I patted their heads. Little birds would flit about me and sometimes perch on my head, or shoulder. I had long since lost sight of Helene's residence, and I did not know just how to find Voncelora's. With all my happiness I felt a little forlorn. This had been my nature always. I was slow to accept, and slow to give up that which had become an established fact to me. I thought I would not return to Helene, for awhile. I wanted to see

what truth I could glean by myself. This was an old habit of mine and was yet strong within me; and so, on and on, I wandered, hoping that I might meet with some kind of adventure.

I had not, thus far, met anyone. I had now left the hills behind me and was slowly passing through a forest. I seated myself by a little purling brook, and very nearly fell asleep. Everything was so pleasant and delightful that I did not feel the need of a house and found myself wondering, why people had dwellings here? why they did not remain out of doors? Presently, I heard a footstep, and looking up I saw an old man approaching me. His hair was perfectly white, and fell over his shoulders in true patriarchal style. His beard was white, full and flowing. His brow was broad and white, and somewhat furrowed. His eyes were a deep sparkling blue. His cheeks were a little thin, his hands long and white and he held a staff, yet he did not seem to use it for support. He wore a purple robe confined about his waist by a cord and tassels of gold. The robe fell a little below the knee. His feet and head were bare. He saluted me and extended his hand. I arose, bowed, and took his hand.

"Be seated, my son," he said, "and we will have some pleasant converse together."

So I again sunk down upon the soft moss, and he took a seat by my side.

"From whence camest thou, my son, and whither art thou going?" he asked.

I came from the earth, only yesterday, I answered, but whither I am going I cannot tell.

"Hast left many friends there, and hast thou many friends here?"

I have left many friends on earth, and I have many here; but I have not been here long enough to see many of them yet.

"And why art thou alone, my son, so soon after coming to this life?"

That is entirely my own fault, I answered. I was met by kind and loving friends; they tried to detain me with them, but, in a fit of perversity, I wandered away from them.

"Dost thou intend to return to them again, my friend?"

I cannot answer that question, for I do not know myself. I do not think I could find them again without some one to show me the way; for I am a stranger here and do not know my way about.

"Dost thou feel in a hurry to return to thy friends once more?"

No, I answered, I feel more like finding my way about by myself, for awhile.

"Wouldst like the company of a stranger? Wilt thou accompany me for a few days, more or less, as it pleaseth thee?"

I now looked at this old man more intently before I answered. My friend, I said, you have asked me many questions and I have answered them all, frankly; it is my turn now, I take it.

You look to be an old man, and I have been told since coming here, that the law of age is reversed in this world, that instead of being old, all appear youthful and beautiful.

You are certainly beautiful in your way, but how is it that I find you appearing as an old man with a staff?

"We are able, through the force of our desires, to put on any appearance which pleaseth us; and it pleaseth me, just now, to put on the appearance of an old man; for, most truly as you count years, I am old; very, very old! therefore, my son, thou art not deceived. Go on and propound thy questions. I am here to answer them."

XVIII.

GROWTH.

I do not care for your personality, although it pleases me well; but I desire to be wise, to understand all things. Are you able to answer my deepest thought?

"Propound thy questions, my son, one by one; and when we come to one that I cannot answer we will go hence."

Tell me then, is there a God, creator of heaven and earth?

"Your question is not clear," he answered, "make it plainer; make it plainer."

Why! it is as plain, as plain can be. Is there a God, creator of heaven and earth?

"Which heaven and which earth dost thou mean? as thou hast specified but one; and there are more heavens and earths than thou couldst count for ages, more in number than thou hadst figures in the earth-life to count with; more even, than thy mind can possibly contemplate."

Well, is there a God, and did he make them?

"Plainer, my son, put thy questions plainer."

Well then, I will simplify. Is there a God?

"I do not understand thee, my son. Tell me first, what thou meanest by a God?"

Well then, is there a being in form and feature like a man; that lives somewhere, and by word of mouth spoke all these innumerable earths and heavens into being?

"No, there is not such a creature in existence."

Tell me then, how do you know there is not?

"Because, I have roamed through the vastness of eternity and cannot find any such being. I have questioned the angels, and the arch-angels, of this, and many other worlds, and they cannot find any such being. And they have questioned the angels that have been in eternity for countless ages, and they have not seen, or heard of any such being; therefore, I think my answer a truthful one when I say, there is no such being."

Then, how did all these countless worlds come into existence?

"My son, if we find out how one apple grows, we shall discover how all apples grow. So, if we find out how one earth and heaven came into existence, we shall find out how all earths and heavens came into being; but we will start right to commence with."

"One apple was never made out of nothing; but it has within itself just as much substance as composes it. This is a self evident truth, is it not?"

Well, yes; yes, of course. Of course it has just as much substance as composes it.

"So an earth has just as much substance as composes it. Is an apple made out of nothing?"

No, oh no! no.

"What is it made out of?"

Well, really now, I do not know.

"Crush, or squeeze an apple and see if thou canst answer my question then?"

Oh, yes, of course; everybody knows that it is made out of fluid and solid.

"So is the earth made out of fluid and solid. Where did the apple get its fluid and solid?"

Oh, it grew.

"So did the earth grow."

Oh, did it? Did it indeed? How do you know?

"How do you know that the apple grew?"

Why; why, I have watched them from the commencement, and seen them in all the different stages of growth.

"So have I watched the earths as they grew; and I have seen them in all the different stages of growth."

Indeed! Can I believe you? That must be most interesting! Will you not take me that I may see them grow?

"I shall be most happy to do so when thou becomest an angel."

Yes, but just now, I feel more interested in the growth of worlds than I do in becoming an angel.

"Yet thou mayest not see them grow till thou becomest an angel. So go on with thy questions, my son; but first, answer thou me."

"From whence does the apple obtain the substance composing it?"

Why, from the tree on which it grows.

"True, but from whence cometh the tree?"

Why, from the earth.

"Not so, my son. The tree springs forth from a small seed, which is placed a little way beneath the soil, and the little seed holds within it a living spiritual germ, an exact miniature copy, invisible and spiritual, of the tree that is to be developed from it."

Why, yes, I see—I see!

"Then it strikes its roots deep into the earth, and raises its arms aloft into the heavens."

Yes!

"The tree is the parent of the apple, and the apple, or seed of an apple is the parent of the tree."

Oh, certainly!

"Well, then, all earths grow from a parent tree, yet the parent of an earth is not in the form of a tree, but, in the form of a globe."

"My son, I think you wlll agree with me, that the earth is not the tree, and the tree is not the apple; but that the earth must first exist that the tree may exist, and the tree exists to bring forth the apple."

Your assertion is a self-evident truth. It cannot be contradicted.

"Then, as the apple is not the tree, but the product of the

tree, so the earth from which thou camest is the product of a parent globe."

Well, that seems to be a very reasonable supposition, I answered.

"Is it merely a supposition that the tree produces the apple, or, is it a self-evident fact?"

Well, the fact is very evident that the tree produces the apple, but not so evident that a parent globe produced the globe from which I have just come.

"If you give a child an apple that never saw a tree that produced apples, you might say, this apple grew on a tree; the boy, in his ignorance, might answer and say, oh! that is only a supposition, I don't believe it! God made this apple out of nothing; but it is a very good apple and I am going to eat it. The boy wants proof that the apple grew on a tree. But, when you take that child by the hand and lead him to a tree on which apples grow, then he is convinced of the truth of what you say."

"Now, Herfronzo, I shall, bye and bye, lead you to these parent globes, and allow you to observe how they produce other globes; but as I cannot do this just at present, I will content myself by answering your questions."

Tell me then, the parentage of the globe from which I have just come?

"My son, didst thou ever hear of a child being produced from only one parent? or, of anything being produced from only one parent?"

No, I never did, was my reply; for even Christ, is said to have had God for his father and Mary for his mother.

"Well, the apple is not produced from one parent alone; neither are the earths produced from one parent alone. The apple has for its parents, the earth, the tree, and the heavens. The earth, has for its parents, the sun, the sun's magnetic counterpart, and the great eternal ocean of matter and spirit, as it exists now, as it ever has existed, as it ever will exist; and within spirit dwells another principle, which we will call God, or force, or power, or will. It makes but little difference what one may call it. It is the power that moves all the rest. And, my son, this is God! as I have discovered it, and as all other angels have discovered it. It is the only way God is made manifest to us. And now your first question is answered.—Is there a God, creator of heaven and earth?—what mayest thy second question be?"

Tell me then, how did the sun beget the earth?

"I will tell thee, first, how the sun came into being; and when I tell thee how the sun, belonging to thy earth, came into being, it will tell thee how all the suns that exist, came into being. Like the tree and the apple, my son, they grew, they grew."

Well, how did they grow?

"Tell me, if thou canst, how the apple tree grew?"

Oh! from a little seed in the soil.

"So the sun grew from a little seed, buried within the vast ocean of matter."

But the seed of the sun, the seed of the sun! where did that come from?

"Where did the seed of the apple come from?

Why, from another apple, of course.

"Not so, my son. Each apple produces its own seed, and there the circle is complete. The seed produces the tree, the tree the apple, the apple the seed. Now we come to the question, how is the seed of the apple produced? From a living spiritual germ, that the petals of the flower grasp from out the atmosphere, or, from out the heavens, or in other words, from out the vast ocean of spirit and matter."

You surprise me, sir. I knew that apple trees had blossoms, but it never struck me in this light, before.

"And why did you suppose the treeblossomed? for nothing is in vain."

Well, really, I did not know; I never thought about it.

"My son, we will take one blossom, and that will tell thee how it is with them all. Within the petals of the blossom, is a little magnetic cup, that attracts and holds in its embrace an invisible germ, which exists within the etherial atmosphere, or spiritual atmosphere; the petals of the flower close over it, the magnetic attraction holds it; it is the seed, the spirit of the seed, and without it no seed can come forth. So the apple does not, in reality, produce the seed, but the petals of the flower of the tree; yet, the petals are worthless without the spiritual germ."

Well, how does this apply to the seed of the sun?

"First, then; the seed of a sun exists forever within the vast ocean of spirit and matter. It is a little invisible, magnetic, spiritual flame, or germ, it attracts matter and holds it fast, until it becomes a perfect atom; then it attracts other atoms like itself, until a small globe is formed about the size of a goose egg; this is the real material seed of a sun, the visible nucleus; and there are countless millions of these nuclei, or perfect seed of suns, that are all destined to take root and grow into perfect suns, in the vast ocean of matter and spirit. Now, how does the little seed of an apple grow into a large and perfect tree? It grows by the power of attracting and appropriating atom after atom, to its own use and benefit. So the nucleus of the sun grows by its power of attracting and gathering to itself atom after atom, as it rolls through the vast ocean of matter and spirit."

"But a young apple tree does not produce flower and fruit, until it arrives at a state of maturity."

"Now, an apple is composed of solid and fluid, and it is a soft smooth globe, so the body of a sun, that is to be, is composed of solid and fluid, and it is a soft smooth globe, like the apple it is equally and evenly mixed together; but this young sun, unlike the apple, is revolving with great rapidity in space, gathering and growing,—gathering and growing,—until the time arrives when it has reached an enormous size. Being soft, about as hard as an apple, the outer surface has at length, become somewhat harder than the inner part; the sun is now ripe and ready for propagation; the inner part,

by its rapid motion becomes loosened from the shell, or, harder part, and this, at length cracks open and gradually the inner globe escapes from the shell, or, harder part. Now the shell gathers itself together, by the power of attraction, into a distinct and separate globe; these globes by their motion repel each other and keep each other at just a proper distance; and yet their power of attraction holds each the other, at just a proper distance; this shell or ring which the sun threw off, at length, becomes just such an earth, as thou camest from."

Oh! but this is intensely interesting! Go on, my wise sage and tell me more. Does this sun produce other worlds, as well?

"Yea, it produces seven in all; and this eventually becomes a system of worlds, eight in number; the sun being the first, or primary world; and all suns are first, or primary worlds; and all earths, are second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh worlds; all differing somewhat from each other; these, are the children of the sun."

Tell me, father, where did the sun obtain its light? what makes it shine? why is it so hot?

"Thou art, in thy eagerness, asking three questions instead of one. I did not agree to answer thee but one at a time. I will answer thee the first.—Where did the sun obtain its light?"

"I have already told thee, that the sun was composed of atoms; that the central point of each atom was a little in-

visible magnetic flame, in other words, a point of pure magnetism. After a sun throws off all its children it begins to grow old, and at length dies, or yields up its spirit; and as thou canst readily see, from what I have already told thee, each atom is composed equally of spirit and matter, therefore, spirit and matter are the parents of a sun, and the uniting or marriage of the two produce other worlds but the sun must at length yield up its spirit. Up to this point the sun had no light of its own; it did not shine; and before the sun could shine it must yield up every particle of its spirit, or magnetic flame; and so for ages the sun was dying, or yielding up its spirit; but as all spirit retains the exact form of the body which it has left, so the sun's spirit retained the exact shape of the sun and became its invisible magnetic counterpart. The material body of the sun still retained its form; and so the dark body of the sun and its magnetic counterpart form a perfect electric battery. Magnetism is forever setting the dark body of the sun in a blaze of light; and thus, light and heat exist. And now I have answered thy question "How did the sun obtain its light?" This is the shining light of the sun."

And did human beings ever exist on the sun?

"No, they never did; for suns are not inhabited worlds. A tree is not an apple, but the parent of the apple, and it exists first, that the apple may exist. So a sun, is not for the purpose of habitation, but for the purpose of giving birth to worlds that are to be inhabited; and after it has become a

spiritualized world, to fit those other worlds, its children, for habitation."

I begin to fear, I said, that if we remain here until I ask a question that you cannot answer, it will be longer than I should like to stay. I would like, even now, to be going. I am eager to see more of this lovely world.

"Very well, he said. shall I bear you company?"

Oh! by all means! It is so much better to have a wise man by my side than to be alone.

So we arose and departed on our way.

XIX.

ARISTOTLE.

AFTER gliding onward for a short distance I asked. By what name shall I call you, Sir?

"You may call me Aristotle: for by that name I was called when I lived on the earth."

I started back, almost affrighted. I looked at him in wondering amazement. Could this unobtrusive old man be the great Grecian Philosopher, Aristotle? And he had condescended to sit with me by a purling brook, and tell me how the sun came into being.

May I ask you, Aristotle, where you live?

"I make my home in many places," he answered, "and work wherever I find work to do: just now, I am going to that shining town, yonder." And he pointed with his staff to a lovely town which just now came into view.

It was, indeed, a shining town; and as it lay glistening in all its beauty before us, I felt like singing some glorious old anthem.

"If thou wouldst like to sing," said he, "let us sing" and so we commenced.

We sang an anthem that I had been familiar with when in the earth-life; it was a composition of one of the grand masters in music and seemed to express my feelings exactly: and as our voices rose and fell in perfect harmony, the swaying motion of our etherial bodies, as we glided onward, kept

perfect time to the music. We soon neared the town. What is the name of this town? I asked, turning to my companion.

"It is called the city of Brotherly Love," he answered.

And why the city of Brotherly Love? I questioned.

"Because there are no ladies living within this city."

No ladies! I exclaimed, in some astonishment.

"Not one," he answered.

I must admit a pang of disappointment shot through me: and yet, why should I feel disappointed? I had left Helene alone and wandered forth by myself in quest of knowledge and adventure; surely, this must be a very fitting city for me to explore. And now I began to feel eager and curious to know more about this shining town. We approached an archway and paused to examine it. It appeared to be of granite, and set with glittering diamonds was the word Wisdom. The town was very beautiful. The streets were white, the dwellings were small and perfectly square, with flat roofs of shining gold, and all the houses were set with military precision, and all precisely alike.

In the centre of the town, on a hilltop, stood a large square edifice, exactly like the others, all but its size; it covered about an acre of ground. Not a flower, not a shrub, not a tree, not a green thing of any kind could I see; nothing but this grand shining town that reminded me of some military post. Not a living thing could I see but files of shining soldierly men, going and coming, to and from, this large building; all keeping step, and walking with precision;

and as each man approached his own little dwelling, he would right about face and enter.

I was greatly amused and looked at Aristotle. I noticed a laughing twinkle in his bright blue eye, and the vestige of a smile hovered about his lips.

"I have been sent to deliver a discourse in the Temple of Brotherly Love," he said, "and overtook you on my way hither. I intend to remain here for a short time. They have prepared for me a little house, somewhat larger than the others. Will you be my guest until I go hence?"

Most gladly, I answered, and many thanks. All the men which I could see, were dressed precisely alike. They wore white pants, black shoes, red coats trimmed with gold lace, tall black hats and white gloves. Presently one of these men espied us, and as we passed him he turned and saluted us.

"I am Aristotle," said my companion, "and am come to talk in the Temple of Brotherly Love; Will you kindly show me the house in which I am to live whilst I remain here?"

The Soldier bowed gravely, saying, "follow me." And he conducted us to a house not far away. It was precisely like the others excepting, that it was large enough for two.

"They all know that I will never live alone," said Aristotle, as we entered, "and, as they will not allow me to fetch my wife, I always pick up some wayfaring spirit that needs instruction on the very subjects which I intend to treat in my discourse."

The Soldier saluted, and left us.

The room in which we found ourselves, was a large square room, without ornament of any kind. A square, hard looking table stood in the middle of the room. The room had but two windows and they both looked out on the white and glistening street. Two straight backed chairs and a large bed in one corner of the room completed the furniture. The floor, walls and ceiling were all of a glistening white, unbroken by ornament or picture. The bed was without curtains and looked hard and uninviting. I had become a little weary and threw myself down into one of the chairs, but it gave me very little rest. Aristotle took the other, and we both sat for a few moments staring out into the white street. I sighed audibly. He gave me a furtive glance and a half smile. Just then, one of the soldiers brought in our dinner and placed it upon the bare table without spreading any cloth. Two shining silver plates were set, and two silver mugs. A silver tureen filled with cold soup, a silver ladle to dip it with, and a silver pitcher of cold water, comprised the dinner. We drew our chairs up to this rather uninviting repast. I think they have forgotten the bread, I said.

"No," Aristotle answered, "they eat no bread in this city." He helped me to some soup. I tasted it. It had a sour bitter taste, and puckered my mouth, and as soon as I had swallowed a few mouthfuls it affected me strangely. I felt almost as straight and stiff as the soldier who had placed it there. Aristotle did not partake of his soup at all; he drank a little water and that was all. I felt a little sour and

dissatisfied. This soup is wretched! I said. How do they make it?

"They gather a few wild herbs outside the city limits," he answered, "and compound it of them and water."

And where do they get the water?

"They construct shallow artificial pools and obtain the water from them," he answered.

This city looked very shining and imposing in the distance, I said, but it seems to be a very cold and desolate place, when once you are within it.

"Yes," he said, "I would that such a city did not exist, and am doing all I can to abolish it."

Are there many more cities in this world like this one? I asked.

"No," he answered, "this is the only one of its kind within this Spiritual Sphere."

As the soup was so unpalatable, we did not sit long at table, and being weary, I threw myself down upon the hard looking bed, but Aristotle did not follow my example.

How soon are you to deliver your discourse? I asked, sleepily.

"There is no particular time specified," he answered." Sleep as long as thou wilt, there will be time enough when thou awakest.

And so I fell asleep and dreamed of Helene. I thought she had visited the arbor, soon after my departure, and find-

ing that I had gone, she knew not whither, without bidding her adieu, her soul was filled with grief and amazement. Tears rolled down over her cheeks; she stretched forth her lovely arms crying, "Herfronzo! Herfronzo! Come back to me, my darling! Art thou gone to seek wisdom, by thyself alone, and left thy loving Helene behind thee? Remember the words written over the archway, when the angel Voncelora and Katrina first brought thee to this life!" And then in my dream I again saw the archway, and the words written thereon, and the beautiful figures with clasped hands, Wisdom and Love, which beget Truth. When Wisdom and Love are united, Truth is made manifest. I awoke, dejected and unrefreshed. To be sure I had learned how the sun came into being, and no doubt there was very much more to learn; my head was satisfied, but not my heart; and I was very, very hungry. I longed to get back to Helene. I wanted bread and fruit, not bitter soup. Aristotle was not in the room, but presently he entered.

"Hast thou slept well, my son?" he asked, with a smile, "thou appearest rather forlorn."

Not very well, I answered. But may I ask where you have been? Not at the temple without me, I hope? I may have over-slept and missed your discourse.

"Not so," he answered, "I have been out walking up and down, up and down, with a number of these misguided men, trying to teach them the true principles that govern their being; and I think my words have not been without effect."

XX.

THE TEMPLE.

TELL me, father, something about this city and these men. Why do we find a city like this without ladies, and all these men, so grave and soldierly, banded together?

"Thou findest this city here, because these men must live somewhere; and a natural law of like, attracting like, causes them to gravitate and band together. They construct these streets and dwellings in the same manner that all spirits construct streets and dwellings, within their minds; and man, in the earth-life, constructs his dwellings in the same way, within his mind, and then clothes his spiritual construction with material substance; but this is not necessary in the spiritual sphere, for the thought, or construction of a spirit, becomes objective, a real object to itself and all other spirits and angels. Therefore, you and I, and all others, perceive this city as these men have constructed it. Their spirits, really, all differ, one from another; but their differences are held in abeyance; for they are firmly agreed on one point, and that being their most prominent, or central idea and thought all things must succumb to it; and that one powerful, determination is, that they will have nothing, whatever, to do

with the female half of their being. None of these men passed into the spiritual life whilst young; they were all old men, and most of them had become embittered against women in their youth, and had lived for many years, entirely aloof from the other sex; they have all been what is called woman haters. Some of them are men that led very debauched lives, and women had been their entire ruin when on the earth; and they had cursed all womankind for their own blind mistakes. None of them have been in this life very long; and none of them remain in this city any great length of time; and the city would die a natural death if new ones were not continually coming."

"These men are all, the hard, firm, unapproachable kind; for if they could be taught in any other way, this city would not exist. Most of them were men of high renown, and educated; many were Priests among the Catholics; but not one of them had the least idea of the spiritual life as it is; they were all, to a man, rooted and grounded in the idea of a heaven and hell, a personal God, and a personal devil; and no common love, or teaching, will change the souls of these men; therefore, the higher angels take this city into consideration, and weigh very carefully the method whereby they may be brought to a knowledge of the truth." Their counterparts might be brought to them, or they be carried to their counterparts; but they repudiate and firmly put from them any such idea. They will not even look at a woman, or admit one within the city, saying, that all trouble and sin springs

from woman, and there would be no end of trouble if one were te come within the city. They have builded a Temple, as you see; they firmly believe in the old doctrines of heaven and hell, and think they are only waiting here for the day of judgement, a kind of intermediate condition. They think their only mistake was, in supposing they slept in their graves till the judgement. But the Roman Catholics think it is Purgatory. They are willing to admit into the Temple, occasionly, some person that was famous on earth; some one of the old Philosophers and teachers, such as Confucius, Lycurgus, Demosthenes, Galen, Hannibal, Socrates, Herschel, Columbus, and your humble servant Aristotle. The angels knowing this, take advantage of it, and often delegate and send some of these men to discourse with them within their Temple; and in this way, many are brought to perceive the truth, and are prevailed upon to leave the city, and shortly after, are united to their own true other-self, and become happy and progressive angels; and all, as time goes on, eventually leave the city; but as fast as some leave, new ones from earth replenish it; and thus the city still lives."

"Now, Herfronzo, I am about to go to the Temple, and shall be glad of thy company."

And so Aristotle and myself, slowly ascended the hill and entered the Temple. It was a large square hall, very much like many in the earth life. Opposite the entrance was the Rostrum. The place was filled with hard looking, straight backed seats, arranged in even perfect rows, and nearly every

seat was occupied by one of those straight hardfeatured, soldierly looking men; and a silent grave melancholy pervaded the whole place. We took our seats as silently as the others, for someone was speaking from the Rostrum. He looked very much like the others, excepting, that he wore a long black robe with flowing sleeves, and on his head, a close black cap. He was speaking slowly, and with great solemnity, and one felt that he weighed and measured every word with great care.

XXI.

THE EXHORTATION.

"BRETHREN," said the speaker, "this, as you all know, is the great Temple of Brotherly-Love! We find ourselves here, as spiritual beings, and yet, we have not attained heaven, and we do not find ourselves in hell; neither, are we asleep in our graves; and therefore, we know that this must be an intermediate state of existence, and that our brethren, the Roman Catholics, are right. We also know, finding it true by actual experience, that the Priesthood of the Catholic Church, lead the most perfect lives; that we were all created in the image of God, and the nearer we live to, and like that God, the more perfect we become; and finding us faithful and worthy, he will soon open the gates of Heaven to us. We lead a life of perfect celibacy, for God is a male, and he has no wife; and even Satan never had the slightest idea of taking to himself a wife. Only man, is foolish! Of course, we all know that marriage must be in the earth-life, for a season, for the sole purpose of propagation; but those that can live single, even there, are the most blest and happy, escape all turmoil and trouble, and live nearer to God than those who marry.

We do not admit a woman within the limits of our city, fearing that some of the weaker brethren might be inveigled

and tempted; for we know that Eve tempted Adam, and caused him to fall from his high estate and likeness unto God.

Man, is by nature more nearly allied to God, and woman to Satan, for the Serpent was Satan in disguise and could more easily reach the woman than the man; and as woman is the connecting link between hell, the devil and man, we repudiate and cast her off altogether; allowing her to sink down to the Satan that tempted her; whilst we, by so doing, raise ourselves nearer to God and Heaven. We doubt not, there may be many women in heaven, especially Nuns, and those women that have led holy lives, Virgins that have never known a man, those that have with shame-facedness abased themselves penitently before God for their common sin with mother Eve, in being the direct cause of man's temptation and fall. We suppose that even wives may be in heaven; but only those that have never sinned in any way against their husbands; those that have purified themselves continually; those that have worn no ornaments and led holy prayerful lives; these, may, many of them, be in heaven; but if so, we know they there become unsexed, and are more nearly allied to man; and that in heaven all are angels; there is no sex whatever; and they do not marry nor are given in marriage."

And then he exhorted them all to be faithful, prayerful, and watchful that no woman tempted them; for satan did not tempt man, it was woman whom he tempted, and it was only through woman that man could fall; therefore, as

they had missed heaven it was entirely because they had been tempted by some woman while they lived on earth; and their only way now to reach heaven, was, to be very watchful that no woman entered the city; and no man was to leave the city, because if he did so, he was sure to meet with woman and be tempted by her.

They were a band of God-like brothers; dwelling together in brotherly love; and when he had finished his discourse all the men bowed and solemnly ejaculated, Amen! Amen!

The speaker now let his glance fall on Aristotle and myself. He recognized Aristotle and beckoned him to ascend the rostrum; he then said with a bow.

"I will now give you an opportunity of hearing that most learned and renowned man of Athens, the great Aristotle! But, while we are listening to him, we must all remember that he has never reached heaven yet; although he was not plunged into hell, because of his great wisdom; and he has been wandering for more than two thousand years, within the limits of creation, around the outskirts of heaven, not being able to enter; but being so profoundly wise, we allow him to come here and discourse to us; yet, I warn you all against anything he may say in contradistinction to what we already know.

ARISTOTLE'S DISCOURSE.

Aristotle's deep blue eyes sparkled, and a slow benign smile wreathed his lips, as he bowed low to the audience.

The men's faces all lighted up with an eager expectant

look, and a slight stir of interest was manifest, altogether different from their former dogged, stolid and melancholy appearance.

"Brothers," he said, "I am not here to speak on the woman question, neither for, nor against her To speak in her favor is not allowed on this platform; and to speak against her is to speak against the mother that bore, and nourished, and fanned with the breath of her loving,self-sacrificing, and suffering life, the germ of my soul into being! But for her, Aristotle could not have been! But for thy mothers, not one of thee could be sitting here now, listening to me, or to the brother that has just spoken. Even that brother himself, could not have spoken to thee; and when my tongue shall utter a word against woman, then may Aristotle cease to exist.

But, I am here to talk to thee of things as I have found them, as I now find them. My life on earth was for many weary years; and I have been in this life, as time is counted on the earth, for more than two thousand years; and I have not seen thy God, nor thy God's heaven, neither hell nor the devil; and I have questioned the angels and the arch-angels that have been here for many, many thousand years, and they have not found those things; and so I justly conclude that such things do not exist, except in the erroneous opinions of ignorant men. Is there one among you that can blame me? But I am not here even to speak of those things; but to tell thee about the things which I have found; to speak of things as I found them in a long life on earth, in a longer life

within the heavens. I have spoken to thee before from this platform; and then I told thee how the sun came into being, I told thee how the earths, which are inhabited, came to be, how they were thrown off from the suns, how the suns, after they had yielded up their spirits, became magnetic batteries of electric light and heat. In this discourse I propose to show thee how the earth, from which thou all camest, for thou art now within the spiritual sphere of that earth, was prepared that thou mightest exist. The ring, or shell, which was thrown off from the sun, being somewhat harder than the real body of the sun, in gathering itself together, by the law of attraction, at its central point in order that it might become a round globe, cracked in pieces on its surface; it became seamed and ridged everywhere; it was yet equally mixed together, solid and fluid, and of course was still very soft; and at this time, it had neither water nor atmosphere. As an apple appears to be rather a hard body, until it is squeezed, so the earth must be squeezed, or baked, that its water might appear." "As soon as the sun became a blazing body of light and heat, its rays struck this immature earth; and as the earth had no atmosphere to shield it, it began to bake and harden very rapidly; and as it thus hardened, the water was entirely squeezed out from the solid parts, and the solid part at length became solid rock. Thou all knowest that water seeks its level, as all other things seek their level, and it ran down and filled up all the chasms and fissures of the earth; and now the earth instead of being soft, like an apple and

equally mixed, was nothing but solid rock and water; but there was no atmosphere. The earth being then young, was much nearer the sun than it is at the present time; for all planets as they become mature and more perfect, recede from their parents, as all apples when they are ripe leave the tree, and as all children leave their parents. The earth, lying very near the sun, was intensely hot. The rocks were like coals of fire, and the waters all became seething cauldrons, and a dense vapor surrounded the earth, about three miles in thickness; this, was an antidote for the intense heat, and within this water, or vapor, the air resided and was evolved from it.

Now, as the earth gradually receded from the sun, and the vapor condensed and cooled, great storms arose; terrible deluges and rushing whirlwinds; forked lightnings constantly split the rocks asunder, and many of the pieces were hurled with awful force into the chasms: but all this was only perfecting the earth and rendering it more evenly balanced."

At length, all things took on a milder form. The water was now comparatively cool. The action of the rains and the waters, kept wearing away at the rocks, and as they pulverized and separated the substances that composed the rocks, the waters carried these substances along in their embrace; and, as like attracts like, the metallic substances settled in mines, or beds by themselves; but salt and lime and many other substances were soluble in water, and the water retained these. At length, the waters levelled the rocks to that extent, that an ocean was formed, and after awhile, the

earth, receding farther and farther away from the sun, the waters became cool enough for life to make its appearance upon the earth. The rocks were so cool that moss and small ferns began to form upon them. Sponge, jelly-fish and snails began to form within the sea; then maggots, worms, insects and reptiles, gradually were evolved, one from the other; then butterflies and small birds.

The ocean is gradually and constantly changing its bed; and as the ocean receded, it left rich alluvial soil which brought forth rank tropical vegetation, and at length vast forests; and after ages had passed, the forests were filled with wild animals; then the ape and gorilla, and from them, the low, squat savage appeared; and from this man gradually arose to his present estate."

"Now, after the water had yielded up its atmosphere, the atmosphere in its turn, yielded up its etherial, or, spiritual atmosphere, and within this, as thou all knowest, we are at this present moment living. It is the first spiritual atmosphere that surrounds the earth from which thou camest.

Brothers, thou hast not, any of thee, been in this life but a short time; yet, thou art well aware that I am Aristotle, and consequently, have been in the heavens for more than two thousand years; and have not only dwelt in this sphere, but in many other heavenly spheres. I have, also, been able to visit thousands of other planets and their spheres, both spiritual and heavenly, and I have not been able to find God, Heaven, Hell, or the Devil; nor yet Christ.

The earths, and the first spiritual spheres around them, are the lowest that I can find; and from them, are being gradually evolved the higher heavens.

Brothers; this is no speculative theory. It is as I actually find things! What more can I say? Brothers, leave this city! Come with me, and I will show thee all that I have seen! I will teach thee all that I have learned!"

XXII.

RETURNING TO HELENE.

AS Aristotle finished, these grave men's faces all wore a brighter look; he descended from the rostrum, and together, we went back to the little house; but this city, and this house had lost all charms for me, and I was anxious to be gone; but I loved this man of Athens, and so I said; How long are you going to stay in this city?

"I am to deliver three discourses in all," he answered, "and that will take me three days, counting time according to earth. I give but one discourse in twenty-four hours; the remainder of the time I spend in walking and talking with these men, as many of them as will listen. But thou need not remain. I will see thee again as I leave this city. Return thou, to thy Helene's Villa. She awaits thee."

I do not think I can find my way, I answered.

"Thou hast nothing more to do than to wish and will thyself there, and thou wilt soon find thyself where thy desires take thee."

And so I went forth alone, and left the city behind me. I had no wish to ever see it again. I longed to see Helene once more. I wondered how I had ever found it in my heart to leave her so long. I felt so eager to return, that

I trembled with impatience; and as I desired and willed, I found myself moving with great velocity in the direction from which I came.

Soon, the green hills, the lovely lake, and Helene's beautiful Villa came into sight; my heart bounded with joy; but perhaps, and justly, she would be angry with me for leaving her in the unceremonious fashion in which I had. This thought cooled my ardor somewhat, and I moved more slowly as I approached the door. Perhaps I should find her in tears, and she would reproach me with bitterness. Perhaps, alas! she might not be at home. It might be, finding that I neglected her, she had become indifferent to me, and would not treat me with the same loving kindness. All these things and more I thought I deserved; but still I had learned much during my absence. Perhaps, Helene would forgive me when I should tell her that I had met with the great Philosopher, Aristotle! when I should tell her all that he had taught me; and I would tell her all about the shining city which I had visited in company with Aristotle; and the grave and singular looking men I had seen. Thus thinking I ascended the pearly steps. The door was open; the hallway looking restful and inviting. The parlor door was also open. A beautiful little dog, Helene's pet, met me with great delight; but Helene was not in the parlor. Her chair stood by the open window and a book lay open on the table. I glanced over the page; for I knew she had been reading; and these words met my eyes.

"Our thoughts are constantly with the absent loved ones; and they are conscious of them. If we are blaming, or thinking ill of them, they feel it. If we allow jealousy to rankle within our breast, they become uneasy and unhappy, or sad and dejected; and often those in the earth-life, not understanding this great natural law of their being, drive those loved ones to commit the very acts which they so much fear they may be committing, by allowing thoughts of this nature to rest in their minds; consequently, we should never allow, or harbor, a single thought of an absent loved one, except it be of the most loving and forgiving nature; no matter how perverse, or guilty of neglect that one might be; we can never make them better by thinking ill of them. On the contrary, by cherishing the highest and best thoughts possible, we are often the means, unknown to themselves, of reforming even the guilty ones on earth. This great law is well understood in the heavens, and ought to be better understood on the earth. How often, a mother, has been the means of reforming a wayward and absent boy. It is said, her prayers were answered. She prayed that her boy might be good, or, if he had gone astray, his feet might be turned into the paths of virtue. But the answer to those prayers, is not the direct response from a personal God; but the earnest thought of the mother reaches her boy, wherever that boy may be, and influences that boy to be virtuous and good; and the same law holds good with all, more especially, with soul mates, or counterparts; for one-half cannot suffer without the other

half suffers too. One half, cannot bear an ill or jealous thought of the other half, without that other half being depressed in consequence. More than this: We can compel that other half to return to us if we will, by earnestly desiring it, and continually calling in all loving kindness. In fact, we can influence and almost control our absent loved ones."

I was a little weary after my homeward flight, the couch looked very inviting, and after reading that which I knew Helene had just been reading, all thoughts of her meeting me in anger or reproach vanished from my mind, and I sunk upon the couch in blissful repose. The little dog nestled down by my side. A bird perched on the window sill, and sung a sweet song.

Oh, this was home! This was rest! This was heaven! And so my eyes closed and I fell into sweet and restful slumber, and as I thus slept, I felt Helene's soft fingers move gently through my hair and around my temples. Presently, I opened my eyes, and they rested on my darling as she sat there by my side, caressing my hair and temples with her soft white hand. Her beautiful dark eyes looked into mine with tender love. Her lips wreathed themselves into a sweet smile and kiss.

"So my darling wanderer has returned to his Helene?" she said archly.

Forgive me, Helene, I replied, I know not what impelled me to leave you as I did.

"There is nothing to forgive dearest Herfronzo; you were

in quest of wisdom and have brought home a goodly amount, I doubt not, and now you will share it with Helene, I am very sure, and by so doing make her happy."

Have you been very unhappy in my absence? I asked.

"No, not unhappy," she said, "and yet, not quite happy. Helene can never be quite happy away from her soul's counterpart. I knew my darling would soon return, and so I tried to hold my soul in patience. And now dear love, let us go to dinner; you must be hungry after your long fast."

How do you know that I have fasted? Helene.

"Because, it is not allowed that any should feed you with the bread of life, except, Helene. You may search the heavens and the earth, through all time and space, and only she that feeds your soul with the bread of life, or true knowledge of heavenly things, is your own other self."

"So, come Herfronzo, and let us dine!"

She took my hand and led me to the dining room. I was exceedingly hungry, and there, the beautiful white bread was piled high, the silver dish was heaped with fruit and lucious grapes, the red wine glowed and sparkled: and a beautiful little boy sat at table awaiting us.

I did not, at first, recognize the child. He looked a bright, beautiful, roguish little fellow enough.

Ah! I said, whose little boy is this?

The child looked up at me with large, soulful, recognizing eyes. The recognition was mutual. It was my son Karl's boy.

He had not been in this life but a short time. I opened my arms, the child sprang into them with fond kisses for Grandpa.

Well, my little boy! I said, how did you come to be here?

"Grandma fetched me here yesterday," he answered, "and said, she would leave me for a little visit, for Grandpa would want to see me."

Do you live with Grandma? I asked.

"No," he answered, "but she comes to see me a great many times."

Where do you live then, little one?

"Oh; I live in a school with some other little boys and girls. You will come and see me too, won't you, Grandpa?"

I certainly will. I put the little fellow down and he ran out with the dog, into the garden to play; and I could hear the dog's joyful bark, and the little boy's happy laughter, during the entire time I sat at table. Helene's soft eyes sought my face, and I knew that she would like to hear about the things which I had seen and heard since I went away from her.

I then related to her all that had transpired; how I had met Aristotle, and the things which he had told me; about the shining city, and the men that would not have any women with them; and how dissatisfied I was with it, and how glad I was to return to her, and home, once more. Helene, I said, I think it is useless for me to demur longer about eternal soul-mates; we had better be united at once. I feel that you belong to me; and your home is my home.

"Very well, my dearest," she answered, "we will consider ourselves as one; but our considering ourselves one, will never make it so; and if at any time you should find another that you consider my superior, or one that fitted you better, then we will disolve the partnership at once; for in that case we should be mistaken, and I would not be your soul-mate; but, if we continue to grow more and more perfect in each other, and our love grows brighter and brighter, as time rolls on; that will prove to you, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that we truly belong to each other."

And as we sat there at table, our soul marriage took place, never more to be dissolved throughout the eternal ages. Yet, I did not understand it then, in all its completeness, as I now do! for many years have passed on since then.

"And now, dearest Herfronzo," said Helene, "we must commence to learn and to work, for from this time, henceforward, we are an angel; and as fast as we gather truth, we must distribute it to our loved ones. We can if it pleases you, take up a certain line of work and follow it to the end; or, until we have consumated all that we wish to in that direction; then; we can take up another; and so forever, we can joyfully learn and work together, and we can never have two minds about anything, or by any possibility disagree on any subject."

Helene, I said, do you suppose it possible for two to live together without disagreements arising sometimes?

"Herfronzo, she answered, when we have our first quarrel,

we will separate, never to come together again, for that would prove beyond a doubt, that we were not soul-mates."

Just then, my little grandchild came running into the room, with the little dog at his heels. His little chubby hands were filled with flowers. His face was bright and shining. His large, beautiful blue eyes sparkling with joy.

"Grandpapa!" he said, "I want to go back to my school; and you are to go with me, are you not?"

I glanced at Helene. She smiled as she said;

"Would you like to go, dear love?"

Very much, I answered. I should like to vist some of the schools in heaven; and more especially the one in which this little one is placed. It must be a good school, for he seems to be the personification of happiness.

XXIII.

A SCHOOL IN HEAVEN.

SO taking the little boy's hand with my left and Helene on my right, we started forth; the little dog gamboling on before us. This was better than it was when I started out over the hills alone. We were now floating along over beautiful meadows and fertile valleys, the lake on our right and the green hills at our left. The child could not be restrained and so he ran on before us, chasing butterflies and playing with the dog. Presently he came up to me, with great inquiring eyes.

"Grandpa," said he, "what have you done with my papa?"

What have I done with your papa? Not anything, dear child.

"Yes," he said, "you carried my papa away."

No, little one, I did not carry your papa away.

"Well," he said, "my papa went away off over the seas and they put me in this nice school, but I want to see my papa! Has he come home yet?"

Oh, yes; he has been home a long time.

"Then why don't he come to see me?" he asked, "and mama with him?"

Because he cannot, I answered. You shall go with me some day to see your papa and mama, but they cannot come to see you, not at present.

A shade of disappointment passed over his bright face, and then his laughter rang out joyous and happy once more as he ran and frolicked about. We soon came in sight of a lovely little cottage. It was a home-like affair. A pretty trellis ran over the front door, covered with roses and honey-suckles. A little garden in front filled with pinks, forget-me-nots, sweet williams bachelor-buttons and various other old-fashioned, sweet, home like flowers. A beautiful green lawn sloped down to the edge of the lake. A little boat was moored close by and I could see other little boats dancing over the lake. A picturesque little island was distinctly visible. A grand old forest was at the right of the cottage, with hills farther on. Waving fields stretched away at the back of the little house; a number of tiny outbuildings were clustered about it. Certainly, it was the sweetest little spot that I ever saw. A number of beautiful little children were playing on the lawn. A great dog with a string of silver bells about his neck, was also playing with them. A lovely lady sat by one of the windows, with a book in her hand. As we entered at the little gate, she arose to meet us. The little boy had joined the other children and was now shouting and playing with all his might. The lady was extremely beautiful and yet I noticed a tinge of sadness about her. Helene introduced her as "Mary;" saying, "that she had charge of these children;"

there were about a dozen of them, an equal number of boys and girls. None of them exceeded five years.

The lady herself, looked to be about eighteen; a sweet, dainty, dark-eyed brunette. She greeted us affectionately, looking at me as though she were deeply interested in me.

This is not much like the schools of earth, I said. What is your method of instruction?

"We have no particular method," she answered, with great sweetness, "these little ones play the most of the time and they learn about all they need to know in their play."

That is a very singular way of teaching children, I said: it differs very much from the way in which I have been accustomed to see them taught. Do you not have any strict discipline?

"No," she answered, "I merely grant their wishes; that is all."

This did not seem to me to be the way that children ought to be educated. Yet they were all very small, perhaps that was the reason why they were taught in this very strange manner. Presently, a little girl came running in, her lovely face all aglow, her golden hair flying about her like a cloud. She ran up to Helene and Helene took her upon her knee. The little creature wound her arms about Helene's neck and they kissed each other fondly; then the child looked shyly at me.

"Get down, darling, and go and kiss grandpa," said Helene.

The child came towards me with both her little hands outstretched.

I really did not know who this child was that called me grandpa.

"How is my papa?" she asked, after kissing me.

Your papa? I questioned, I do not think I know him.

Helene looked at me smilingly.

"This is your son Edwin's little daughter," she said.

I put the child down and she ran away to play with the others. Do you live in this cottage by yourself? I asked, with no other company except the children?

"Yes," Mary answered, "but interested persons, like yourself and Helene, visit us continually; and the nearest relatives these children have, usually place them here and then visit them almost every day."

Why do not these children live with there relatives?

Because it is better that in the spiritual world they should all live in little schools by themselves; and there are thousands of these schools here, all graded to suit their age. The children of this school are from three, to five years of age when they are placed here, and they leave this school at the age of ten."

Do I understand you to say, the only way they are taught, is, by granting their wishes? How very strange! Suppose they should wish for things that were harmful, would you grant those wishes?

"They cannot wish for anything that is harmful."

Well! I was getting very much puzzled by this lady's answer. Suppose, for instance, they wanted to sail out on that lake, alone, and all get drowned, would not that be

harmful? I asked, not thinking as deeply as I might.

"They do sail on the lake, alone, or together, just as they please," she said. You forget that they cannot drown under any circumstances; and they learn as much while they are sailing as at any other time."

Well, suppose they wanted, one, or all of them, to roam into that dark forest, yonder, and get lost, or torn by wild beasts; for I see wild beasts exist here in the spiritual world?

"They can neither be lost, nor torn by wild beasts," she answered. Wild beasts here, do not tear or kill anything. It is an impossibility; and if a child is lost,—which is not often the case, all we have to do is to earnestly desire its return. It can neither starve, nor perish with cold nor hunger and whenever it wishes to return the wish fetches it to us. Occasionally a child wanders off and enters some other school, but it always returns again."

Do they ever quarrel among themselves?

"No," she answered, "for if one child desires something that another has, the wish or desire creates the same thing for itself. Wishing for a thing here creates it; for all thoughts become objects to be enjoyed by the thinkers and others."

But suppose they had bad or wicked desires, how would it be then?

"They cannot have bad, or wicked desires," she answered. What bad, or wicked desire do you think they could have?"

Well really! I must think. Suppose they hated something.

"What can they hate?" she asked.

Not you certainly; but suppose they hated each other?

"They cannot hate each other; there is nothing within them to be hated."

Then the idea of natural depravity is not correct?

"It is not," she answered. Well, don't these children cry and annoy you?

"They never cry, except as you hear them now, shouting joyously as they play."

I looked out of the window at them as they played on the green lawn.

Why, what are they doing? I asked; for they were running in and out of a little village of play houses.

"Oh, they are building a village," she said, with a smile. "They create with their thoughts all kinds of playthings. They reproduce, or imitate, everything which they have ever seen or heard of and my work with them is to attend and guide them. For instance, when they get tired of playing about this house and wish to see anything that is new, or wonderful to them, they all flock about me and ask me to take them. Then we all float off joyously together. We visit something new and interesting almost every day. We sail on the lake. We have all kinds of pleasure and happiness and when we are weary, we return to this little home, or school. We often visit earth together; but, if not together, perhaps some one of the children that has lately come from earth and left parents, brothers and sisters, desires to go back oftener than the others; and then I take that one, or two, or three, together, just as it

pleases us. They are now imitating in their play, as nearly as they can; a village that we visited yesterday. It is an Indian Village and it pleased the children very much. We carried presents to the Indians and the Indians gave us all, presents. If you look at their little playhouses closely, you will see that they are Indian wigwams."

I looked at this young and beautiful girl intently. For some reason, not then understood by me, she held more than a common interest for me.

Have you guided this school long? I asked.

"No," she answered, " I have been with them but a short time. I left a school wherein I was being taught, or guided, to take charge of this, for the teacher which they then had, was about to become an angel."

Then you are not an angel?

"No," she answered, a little sadly, "my counterpart is still in the earth-life; but I have not long to wait; he will soon be with me here."

When that time arrives, I suppose you will give up this school?

"Oh, yes;" she said, "angels do not dwell in schools, they visit them, but do not live in them."

I suppose if you did not have a school, you would be very lonely until your husband came to you here?

"Yes," she replied. "Spirits all busy themselves, or are being taught in schools until they become angels."

You interest me greatly, I said, I should like to visit this

school again; and as I have two grand-children here, I shall try and come very often.

"Herfronzo," said Helene, "there is nothing strange in your being interested in your own daughter and her school."

My daughter! I said surprisedly, surely, she is no daughter of mine!

"She is your son Edwin's other-self, or counterpart," said Helene, "and Edwin is soon to be with us, here."

Mary smiled and blushed and I was astonished at what I heard; but I was making up my mind not to be astonished at anything.

"Herfronzo, dear love, shall we now return to our home?"

I assented: and bidding adieu to Mary and the children, we were soon at home once more.

XXIV.

A BRIDAL TOUR.

WE took our seats at the open window, looking out over the placid and beautiful lake.

Helene, I said, you told me that lovely girl, the teacher of the school we have just left, was my son's other self, or counterpart; I am now beginning to understand this truth, but those in the earth life do not.

"No," she replied, "but if they did, how much better the earth would be."

And thus we sat conversing together, a peaceful calm resting over all things; our hearts filled with pure, holy, conjugal love. Presently, we espied in the distance, a little white sail, that glowed and glistened with beautiful light, as it rapidly approached our landing.

What little boat is that? I asked.

"I think it is Voncelora and Katrina, coming to pay us a visit," Helene replied.

Soon, we could see them distinctly. She was right. It was Voncelora and Katrina. We went down to the shore to meet and receive them; and as we greeted them, they seemed to sparkle with joy and light. Katrina and Helene went into the house, whilst Voncelora and I took some seats in a lovely little boat house, close by the lake. I could not take my eyes

off this beautiful being. He sat there, the personification of wisdom and love; and when he turned his heavenly blue eyes full upon me, their sweet, wise, forceful power, caused me to tremble as the weaker and more ignorant ever must before great wisdom, which gives power, beauty and light. He wore a shirt of dark blue satin, trimmed with white, and white silk trousers. His bright hair fell down over his shoulders in a graceful waving mass. His golden beard covered his breast and on one of the fingers of his beautiful white hands sparkled a brilliant diamond.

"You left us rather unceremoniously, did you not?" he questioned, looking at me with a radiant smile.

Truth to say, I did! was my reply.

"Did you find friends that pleased you better?"

A blush rose to my face. I found one friend in whom I have felt a great interest for many years.

"Ah, indeed! I suspect it must be the Fraülein Helene?" and his face took on a roguish expression.

You are right, was my reply, but she is Fraülein no longer; we have united ourselves in marriage.

He grasped my hand, joyfully.

"What! so soon?" he questioned. "You accepted truth, then, more quickly than I supposed you would; and now that you have become an angel, suppose we take our boats and sail over to that shining city, which you can just perceive in the distance, on the opposite shore."

I should be delighted. But are we to go by ourselves?

"By no means," he replied. "When once we become angels we do not go by ourselves, unless for some special purpose, as I did when you first met me with the sheep.

Helene with Katrina, now came gliding down to the shore; we entered our respective boats and steered for this city of angels. In a short time our boats grated against the golden sand of the shining shore. A little band of angels greeted, and welcomed us to this beautiful city. They all greeted Voncelora as an old friend and companion, and he introduced us as a new born angel, who had just donned their wedding garments—the bride and bride groom—the new made angel —whose feet for the first time were treading the shores of the angelic city through which ran the highway of heavenly wisdom and happiness—whose feet had but just now entered on the road of everlasting love, and the fruit of the marriage should be pure and shining truth; not one truth, but a family without number, many jewels of all colors and sizes, riches untold, so many, they never could be counted. As the angels escorted us up the shining shore, I turned to look at Helene, as she glided by my side, her beautiful hand resting within my arm. She had changed so much that I hardly recognized her as the same Helene. Her robes were of the purest white, gauzy and shining with light. A misty bridal veil enveloped her and almost concealed her from my sight. A wreath of snow-white lilies decked her brow. Voncelora and Katrina had undergone a similar change. We were all now floating instead of walking. Voncelora and Katrina appeared as

glorious angels of light, as did also the others. The city lay sparkling before us in golden glory. I will not stop here to describe the beautiful and elegant structures that went to make up this heavenly city; enough, that I describe one, and that the one to which Voncelora escorted us.

As we approached this house, the angels bade us adieu, and we paused a moment before entering, that I might have an opportunity to take in the details of this lovely abode. The body of the house seemed to be composed of an immense diamond, cut after the fashion of a prism and its flashing, sparkling light, emited all the rays of brilliant coloring that it is possible to imagine. The roof was a saphire and domed. A golden spire pierced the heavens. The statues of two white angels stood in four forms as sentinels upon the roof. The steps were of polished marble. The door of shining gold. The windows of topaz. Beautiful flowers bloomed in elegant urns in front of the house. Fountains and shrubbery were mingled together in dreamy confusion at the left. At the right, a sparkling brooklet meandered across the way; and all around were other houses as lovely as this one and some even more so. We entered. Voncelora and Katrina were the same and yet not the same. They were now a shining and glorious angel.

"Dearest Herfronzo," said Voncelora, "you are now within one of the *innumerable* cities of the angels; and this is one of our homes within the heavens. You are now an angel and can never again be a mortal, or a spirit; never again other than an angel."

"You may now go on in love and wisdom until you reach the highest heavens belonging to your earthly sphere; after that, you may go on until you become an archangel; and then you may visit all other planets and their spheres of love and wisdom."

We had now become seated within the most sumptuous and brilliant parlor. Helene and Katrina had laid aside their veils and now all their glorious beauty shone forth. Katrina's bright hair surrounded her like a cloud of golden glory. Her blue eyes were as soft, bright and fathomless as the never ending vaults of heaven. Her misty flowing robes of white, were just tinged like a beautiful sunrise, whilst Voncelora was as beautiful as herself. His hair waved just a shade heavier. His eyes a little more forceful if not quite as penetrating. He wore a soft white cloak, with breeches of pale gold. And Helene! My beautiful bride! My bride of heaven! How can I find words to describe her? Her night black hair—her great dark eyes that shone like the stars of midnight—her perfect, graceful, rounded form.

Dear reader, did'st ever walk on a cool summer night, when every star was visible and clear, when not a cloud could be seen in the dark blue vault of heaven, when solemn stillness reigned and you thought you could almost hear the grand march of the worlds about you, when you drew long inspirations of the elixir of life? if you have, you know something of the feeling I experienced as I gazed at my lovely bride.

There was not a Piano in this parlor, but we burst forth

in a grand chorus of song; our voices rose and fell in perfect unison as our souls thus gave vent to happiness that we could express in no other way.

"And now, Herfronzo, your labors must commence," said Voncelora. "You have not, thus far, been strong enough to accomplish a great deal, for you have only been in the spiritual condition. No angel is ever idle, any more than the worlds that never cease in their revolutions. If there was such a hell as many believe in on the earth, every angel within the heavens would rob it of its victims; and if they would not, they would deserve to be in it themselves. In one way the angels must rob hell of its victims, for hell is nothing more than error and ignorance and for every truth that an angel imparts, hell is robbed of an error."

Now that I had become joined to Helene, I felt powerful and I was full of active, energetic life. I wanted to be at work and I could perceive there was work for me to do forever more. Many in earth-life think if they did not have to work, they should be happy. Many more, think it is degrading to work; but the great eternal law of nature is work, labor, movement, progression; and the worlds in space never cease for one moment in their motions, in their growth, in their progression; neither do the angels; they change and rest, but do not become oblivious. Spirits sleep, but angels do not. I was now an angel and my work must commence; yet I still needed guiding.

XXV.

THE HOUSE NOT MADE WITH HANDS.

"THIS is my home, my dear Herfronzo," said Voncelora. Helene has only her Villa out in the spiritual realm. I perceive you still need a little guiding and I will say, that your first efforts should be to construct a home within the city of angels. You will find plenty of space just at the left of this house. You can make your residence as beautiful as you please and you will not have to buy your land; all land is free here and in the spiritual realm."

Now, to build a house, was precisely what I most desired to do. Helene's Villa was very beautiful, yet I had no hand in constructing it and my feeling was, that I should prefer to build a house for Helene.

"Come!" said Voncelora with a smile, "let us go out and look at the spot where your house is to stand."

And so we all went forth and looked at the beautiful spot where our house was to stand. We were to remain with Voncelora until our house was completed. We were to build until we became weary and then retire to have rest, pleasant conversation and music, until we should go to build again.

Said Voncelora, "Herfronzo, we will lay the corner-stone now; all the rest, you and Helene shall construct by yourselves."

And so then and there, we four laid the foundation stone; it was of solid jasper, four square, spotted and veined in the most beautiful manner. Now we four constructed this stone within our minds and this is the way in which we did it. We first decided where the house should stand; then, just how large we wished the stone to be. Voncelora stood at one corner, Katrina at the other, Helene at one corner and myself at the other; we then in concert fixed our minds intently upon just what we wanted, and, behold! there it presently appeared; a solid and beautiful jasper; and it would remain there as long as we desired that it should; the only way in which it could be removed, would be in the same manner in which we had placed it there. And when we had laid the foundation stone, Voncelora said "Let us now go to the Temple of Wisdom and hear the angels discourse." And so we floated onward.

Presently, the Temple of Wisdom came into view; a glorious and beautiful edifice; and the most lovely angels were going in and coming out, and as we passed those that were coming forth, they would wave their white hands to us and a dazzling smile would light up their features. The sight was grandly beautiful! These white robed angels, their faces shining with wisdom, each one in two forms, male and female making the one angel; each one strictly and evenly balanced;

not as they are on earth, mismatched, mismated, one small, the other large, one desiring one thing, the other something else, one understanding a thing one way, the other another way; but they were inseparable; they were never parted unless they separated for a very short time to carry out some work which they had in common, as for instance, Voncelora left Katrina for a short time while he sat by the sheep, they were working in unison together, to teach my ignorant spirit; whilst my darling, my other self, my Helene, awaited with Katrina, my coming, awaited till my ignorant soul should get enough wisdom to know and accept the truth.

Then again; Voncelora went with me alone, back to earth that I might see the last of my body and visit my son Karl; whilst Helene and Katrina awaited us in the spiritual world; but they were merely working together, as one, to bring about certain results, and such as this is all the separation an angel knows.

Now, as these angels appeared, they fitted each other; and yet, they were very distinctly marked, male and female; but no blue-eyed male, was mated to a dark-eyed female; both had blue eyes, or both had dark eyes and in size they were the same. They perceived truth alike and had one mind in all things. It was impossible for them to disagree in anything. They were loving inseparable souls, forever journeying on together in the paths of wisdom and love, scattering bright truth around them.

"Look!" said Voncelora, "Is not the Temple most beautiful?"

Yes, I answered; beyond the power of description! Yet, I will try to describe it to my readers. It stood on a slight elevation. It had the appearance of two temples joined as one, yet there was but one grand entrance. There were two domes of saphire, with glittering spires on each; and the building was constructed of innumerable jewels, all of the most rare and beautiful kind; but no two jewels were alike; all differed; no two were of the same color, yet all blended in beauty together. It was a blazing, sparkling, Temple. Two white flags floated from the spires; on one, in letters of gold, was the word, Wisdom; on the other, Love! We now entered this magnificent Temple and the interior was yet more beautiful than the exterior. In the centre of the hall was a pure white throne; and the congregation was an angelic throng. An Angel—male and female—was speaking from the throne. Their thoughts took tangible shape and became bright and sparkling truths; it is just the same in earth life, only it is not understood; all thoughts are real! they cannot be seen with the material eye, yet the spirit of man feels them be they good, or bad. For instance, if a person in earth life enters the presence of another, he feels that other's thought, although his words may be entirely different from the thought; for man can try to deceive, but the angels never!

XXVI.

VONCELORA REVEALS HIMSELF.

WE listened to hear what the Angel was saying.

"This Temple," said the angel, "and the truths that are taught herein, is expressly for those that have just entered Angelhood; those that do not, as yet, know just how to work, or, just what to do; and we are sent here to give them instruction on this subject. The very first duty that each angel must perform, is to teach those below them in wisdom. Each angel must take up the duty that lies nearest to itself; and the first duty is, to instruct its own children; those beings that have come into life eternal, by and through them; they must teach them all they have learned themselves, at the same time they may impart to as many others as will listen and accept; and when they have faithfully imparted all the clear bright truth which they know, then they shall go up higher."

Now, this was all the teaching that was to be given forth at this time to the new-made angels; but what a world of thought and labor was contained in this one jewel; and so as the angels heard it, they passed out with shining faces, each one intent on his work; and we too, went forth and rested

together for a short time, in the house of Voncelora; and while we rested, thus we talked. Said Voncelora.

"The time has come when I shall reveal to you who I am. I could not before, for you were not ready to receive the truth. But first, look at me well and see if you can tell who I am.

I gazed at him a little tremblingly; for I had long desired to know just who he might be; when, lo! My own father, stood revealed to my sight. But Katrina was not my mother. My mother had been a dark-eyed woman of jewish descent and Katrina was a lovely blond. Where, then, was my mother? My eyes had not as yet beheld her. Voncelora, as I shall still continue to call him, perceived my thought and answered:

"Thy mother is far—far on her journey among the angels; but you shall see her when you have performed your first work; and that will be your first decade. I shall now tell you who Katrina was when in the earth-life. When you were a little lad, you often heard me say that in my young manhood I lived in Normandy, and my occupation there was that of a shepherd. Lads and Lassies both followed the same occupation in Normandy and there was where I first saw Katrina. She was at that time a lovely little shepherdess; perhaps, ten, or twelve years of age. Her long yellow hair hung in two braids far below her waist; her eyes were as blue as the skies and full of mischievous fun. Her short full skirts, black bodice and white sleeves, made her a picture worth looking at, as she bounded over the rocks with her bare feet, swinging

her broad hat by the strings. Her flock of sheep was not a large one. Mine was a larger one. I had a bugle with which I called my sheep. We each had a large shepherd dog, and they became fast friends as the days went on. When the time came to take my lunch, I blew a blast on my bugle; this was for Katrina to come and lunch with me, and we used to sit in just such a spot as the one in which you first found me and take our lunch together. Katrina brought wheaten bread. I had nothing but black bread which was considered good enough for me. I gathered wild grapes and fruit in their season. I gave my black bread to the dogs and shared with Katrina, her white bread, whilst she shared with me my fruit. When we had finished our lunch, we used to go to just such a pool as you took your bath in on entering this life and drink; and while the sheep were peacefully grazing, we sat in the shade and made love to each other. I used to say to her, that as soon as we became old enough I should marry her and we would build a little cottage on just such a spot as you found our home when you sat by its door. Oh, we were very happy then and our love for each other was something wonderful! But our dreams were never realized on earth. My father left Normandy and went to live in Germany and I saw Katrina no more; but her image never left my mind for a moment whilst life lasted. Years passed on. I grew into strong manhood and at length married your mother, a dark-eyed girl of jewish descent. Although she made me a good wife, we were not intended by nature for each other; and when death came we were forever separated;

but I can never express the joy I felt when I found Katrina awaiting me in this life. She had loved me always; although, she too had married and was the mother of many children. But, all the dreams of our youth were now more than realized. We found in spirit, the exact representation of the beautiful spot, in which we made love as children; and there, we erected a cottage, the one in which you first found us, and we have learned all—and more—that we have been teaching you."

This then, was my father's history!

"We often go to that little mountain glen," he continued, "for pleasure and rest; and it was just the spot in which to receive your new born spirit and give it its first lessons. We also received Helene's spirit, and instructed her in the truth as it is; and she builded that beautiful Villa in which you were to dwell for a short time, until you should become an angel. And now Herfronzo, let us go forth; for I am curious to see you and Helene at work on your house."

And so we went forth, and my Helene and I finished building our house in the city of the angels. It was an elegant and beautiful affair. Voncelora and Katrina watched it with great interest, as it grew into shape and consistency as we together constructed within our minds and put everything in its proper place. And when we had finished it, we entered and rested within it for a season. Helene, I said, this must be about the time Aristotle leaves the city of brotherly love; he said he would see me again as he departed from that city. I think I should like to see and hear him once more.

"Very well, dear love," she replied, "we will go and meet him as he comes forth. We will invite him to come with us to the Villa."

So we glided forth and entered our little boat and sailed across the lake; and then we floated over the hills until we came near the gate of the city of brotherly love. Leaving Helene for a few moments, I entered and asked for Aristotle. The words had scarcely passed my lips, when he stood before me and extended his hand with a beaming smile.

XXVII.

ATOMS.

ARISTOTLE, I said, my wife is just without the gates; I have come to invite you to our Villa, that we may hear something more of your wonderful discourse. I can never rest, until I hear more of that which you can impart. It is the knowledge for which my soul has thirsted ever since I came to the years of discretion.

"I will accept your invitation gladly," he replied, "but first I will go and get my own wife. Our separation has been a long one, but she is patiently waiting for me. We should never be separated at all, but it is the only way in which I can instruct those dwelling within the city of brotherly love; and we must all work for the good of those that are below us in wisdom."

So together, we left the city of brotherly love and joined Helene, just without the gates. Aristotle promised to be with us at the Villa, very shortly, and Helene and I returned to it and waited for him. We had not long to wait, for presently he appeared in radiant glory, his counterpart by his side, and we took seats within the lovely little parlor.

"Well Herfronzo," he said, "what would'st thou that I should tell thee?"

I would like to know more about the worlds in space, I answered. When on the earth, I often gazed at the moon and wondered how it came to be and the method by which it was created?

"My son," said Aristotle, "the moon belonging to your earth, is a child of your earth, not a spiritual child, but a material child."

Yes, I said, I have often thought something of the kind; but I should like to know how it all came to be?

"Thou rememberest the statement I made about the sun yielding up its magnetic spirit; and that it was a primary world, never intended for habitation. Thou also remembrest, I stated that the earth from which thou camest was a secondary world, a child of the sun; and being a secondary world, was intended for habitation. All things toil together to bring forth intelligent, imperishable angels; therefore, your earth must yield up its spirit. But the earth having brought forth man, he was eventually to become an intelligent angel; and as you now see, for you are dwelling within it, all things on your earth yield up their spirit, and it goes to make the spiritual and heavenly realms in which the spirit and angel may dwell. Now, when an atom within the composition of your earth has once yielded up its spirit, it cannot be replenished on the earth; it is worthless and drifts about at the mercy of a higher law; it has lost its power of attraction and of being attracted, the atmosphere takes it up, carries it and thrusts it out beyond its limit. Now there are countless mill-

ions of these atoms, thus rising continually; and when they get beyond the atmosphere, they crowd and push each other until they lie in a helpless mass, or belt; or, in two or three belts as one can see by looking at the planet Jupiter. There is a law by which these atoms are replenished, or revivified and spiritual essence put into them."

Helene and myself were listening with great intentness to this wonderful Aristotle. He paused; his eyes looked so deep, we felt as though we were swallowed up within his grand soul. His counterpart quivered in glorious light.

Oh, go on! I said. Go on for pity sake!

"My son, he continued, "these worthless atoms must be replenished in some way. All the other atoms in space, are filled with spirit, they cannot be robbed; each atom has only enough for itself and they repulse the worthless ones. How dost thou suppose these atoms become revivified, or again filled with spirit?"

Oh, I do not know. I cannot tell!

"Well, I can; for I have been present and watched how it was done, he replied.

"Comets are not the nucleus' of other worlds as many suppose; but torches—great magnetic torches—vast oceans of pure spiritual essence devoid of matter; and they circle and sweep around among the planets and revivify every worthless atom with which they come in contact. Now when these atoms have again received the spiritual essence, they have the power of attracting and of being attracted; and thus, they

weld themselves together in the form of a ring, such as thou wilt observe around the planet Saturn. After this has taken place a great many times, the ring becomes very large and heavy and the earth, by its motion, is constantly repulsing and throwing it off; it at length breaks in pieces, then by its own inherent power of attraction, it draws itself together at its central point; and of course its surface is all in great yawning chasms, fissures and mountains; but it is soft as the apple before mentioned; yet it has become an independent orb and commences its own revolutions. The earth holds it at the proper distance and there rolls your moon. The earth is young, she has but one moon yet. Jupiter is older, he has four. Thus the planets go on, until they have cast off seven. By this time they have yielded up their entire spirit and they then have seven moons and seven spiritual spheres. When the earths have accomplished this, the remnant of matter which is left, broken and robbed in part of its spirit, falls in pieces; as one can see by looking at the Asteroids; these pieces in their turn fall in pieces and drop as meteors into some other planet. The Asteroids are gradually dropping in pieces in this way and sending meteors and meteoric showers on to the earth from which thou camest."

He smiled upon me benignly.

"So," he said, thou hast become an angel! Happy art thou!"

He rose to depart.

Oh, stay, stay! I exclaimed. Do not leave us!

"My son, I am aweary. I will go and rest and visit thee again at another time; then, I will tell the more."

"But thou, thou! Hast thou not a work to do? Me thinkst angels have been feeding thee, hast thou none to feed? The jewels which thou receivest, thou must give unto others, that they may have wisdom like thyself." Saying this, he departed.

Helene, I said, I feel a cord pulling me back to earth.

"Yes, dear love," she answered, "I have perceived this cord for some time; it is a prayer, a desire from some one on the earth that loves thee. Let us follow it. Let us go back.

And so, hand in hand, we started and followed the cord which continually pulled me and I soon found myself back to earth, face to face with my son Karl. And now I could see him as I had never seen him whilst I was in my body. His great soul was absolutely starving for spiritual light and food, and it was my work, as well as my duty, to feed my own child, to give him of the light and wisdom which I had received. My son was a member of the church; and yet he was starving for truth, for wisdom, for light. He tried to believe in the words which he heard repeated Sunday after Sunday and so long as he asked no questions, so long as he did not use his brains at all on the subject, so long as his mind remained inert, inactive, it did very well outwardly, but when he was alone his mind would act in spite of himself, and questions of vital import would arise within him; and these were some of the questions.

"How could God come down from Heaven and beget a

child? Where was heaven? Where was hell? How strange it was, such a perfect being as God, that had power to create all things, should make such a creature as a fiery devil and such a place as a burning hell to torture and burn forever the very beings that he had created!

And thus my poor boy's mind see-sawed backward and forward.

If God was the perfection of wisdom, why could he not have done better than all this? and he thought that almost any man could and would have done better. He did not know of a man living, that could be so cruel. "According to this, man was better than the God which created him."

As I have before stated in this book, when I was on earth I could not accept such ridiculous nonsensical stuff and not knowing the truth as it was, I had settled down under the conviction, that man came into being through natural law and death ended his life. How could I now teach my son that which I had learned? Since I had actually passed through that which is called death, I could readily enter into sympathy with his inner life and his spirit was so fine and sensitive, and so easily impressed, that I found little difficulty in photographing the truth upon his soul; and so as questions of this nature arose within his mind, I would photograph, or stamp the answer back upon his sensitive soul. Helene and myself now visited him daily, and we had the happiness of seeing him grow in wisdom and the perception of truth as it is. My son was a man of genius; far higher in the scale of

being than I had been. He was the only one of my family that I could reach directly and instruct in heavenly truth. All the others were too set in their opinions, and these important questions did not arise in their minds, but I visited them all and did what I could, and then with my bride I would return to our lovely home among the angels, or to Helene's villa in the spiritual realm; and after awhile we builded another home more retired than the other two, on the confines of the spiritual world, where the natural and the spiritual almost meet and blend together. Inclination as well as duty, now prompted me to visit my son continually; to enter into sympathy with him, to answer his wishes, or prayers; and although he did not fully realize that it was his father's soul, my work with him was none the less effectual. As before mentioned, my son was a man of genius; he was, in fact, a musical prodigy; stamped at his birth. His soul was not content with the music that earth could afford. He had long since mastered all the written compositions left on the earth by the greatest composers that had ever lived there; his spirit now soared aloft; he desired to grasp at the heavens and fetch down music from thence; and this he should do; and who so well fitted as myself, to be the medium between his spirit and the great masters of music within the angel world; but first I must meet with some of these great masters in music myself. This thought gave me great delight and I was intensely eager to find some of these great souls. Helene's thought was one with my own, and together we

floated back to the world of Angels, intent on paying a visit to some grand composer.

As we thus floated along through the city of the Angels, with this desire uppermost in our minds, there presently came into view a large and magnificent edifice. I have already stated how the buildings are erected here in the spiritual and angel world, so of this I need not speak; enough that I describe it as it appeared to my enraptured view.

XXVIII.

TEMPLE OF HARMONY.

ONE angel alone had not constructed this elegant Hall, or Conservatory of Music; but many, very many souls had aided in building it until it was the perfection of art and beauty. These souls had all been in harmony together like the ascending scales in music; some had laid the foundation and corner stones, while others had built upward; others had added priceless jewels; and art—which is but nature after all—had joined the whole together in one spacious, grand and most beautiful building. The centre of the building was an immense dome; the body of it was not built in angles, but rounded everywhere. The dome was built of saphire, and a large golden spire, sparkling with innumerable jewels, towered upward from its center towards heaven. Four smaller spires stood outward and around it like watchful sentinels, all of gold and precious stones. A beautiful flag, waved with gentle undulating motion from the central spire, of gauzy cloud like texture and on it these words in bright golden letters "Harmony Is The Eternal Law Of Heaven." A smaller flag waved in the same manner from each one of the other spires. On these flags appeared mystic symbols, which I will not stop now to interpret. A massive arched entrance approached by seven steps; the first of polished granite, the second veined marble, the third of pure white

marble, the fourth of pearl, the fifth of opal, the sixth turquoise, the seventh a diamond sparkling with light. The main body of the building was seven stories in height, with seven windows in each story; each window was arched with a sparkling jewel for a key-stone in every one; but there were no windows on either side the massive entrance for its grand architecture took up all the space below. Curved golden hand rails ran up on either side the beautiful steps, as aids and supports to the trembling soul that desired to enter the Sanctuary of Harmony. The windows were of stained glass; but the colors were blended in such perfect harmony that one could not tell where one ended and the other commenced.

Now there were wings to this building, seven on either side, and they were gently graduated from the highest down to the lowest; that is, they commenced on either side with the lowest and so gradually ascended until they joined themselves to the main building; they were all rounded into perfectly harmonious proportions. The first building at either end, was one story in height with seven windows; the second was two stories with fourteen windows; and so on until they numbered seven either way, all joining themselves together in perfect harmony.

There were beautiful fountains and lovely flowers everywhere; and statuary—grand master pieces of art—they were not a glaring white, but a lovely shade of palest pink and all the coloring was in perfect accordance with the natural divine.

As we paused before this grand master-piece of nature and art combined, my whole soul trembled for joy; and then as I looked again, I saw children and fawns skipping and playing about; beautiful plumaged birds bathing and fluttering in the fountains. There were groves near by and gentle breezes sighing through the trees. We drew nearer, and entering the wood, stood with clasped hands and enraptured upturned faces, for nature had commenced a grand overture and invocation. I was spell-bound, entranced, lost to all objective things. My soul was thrilling with ecstatic rapture; and then the heavenly voice of my companion joined in the chorus. The trees were filled with song-birds; a soft stillness was around us at first, but presently I heard a little bird twitter to its mate, then the answering call, then a gentle breeze swept through the trees; louder and yet a little louder! then my ear caught the sound of falling water, it fell gently at first, then rippled, then rushed softly, then a gentle roar; while the birds twittered and sung in perfect unison. Now I heard a distant bugle call, and the sound of pattering feet; nearer, still nearer they came; and now the strains of martial music caught mine ear, and the perfect rythmical tread of marching hosts; and yet underlying all, in perfect harmony and time, still kept on the twittering birds, the sighing wind, the softly falling, rippling, rushing, roaring water.

"They are marshaling the hosts of heaven!" Whispered my darling.

"I did not see them, for my soul was now all enraptured

with musical sound. Nearer, yet nearer, I heard the marching feet of the angel choir; louder, still louder rang the bugle's blast. I could hear other distant bugle calls, and the far off sound of marching hosts; then, all at once silence profound. Then the sound of a clear, sweet, ringing soprano, and the solemn answering bass; the second soprano and tenor caught up the strain, and it echoed and re-echoed through the wide expanse of heaven. Then came the chorus, and such a chorus may I hear forever more; for it will never leave my soul throughout Eternity.

The birds all sang their loudest and sweetest, the wind sighed and soughed and weirdly whispered, the water rushed and roared, the bugles called their loudest and sweetest notes, and all the voices of the heavenly hosts rang loud and clear, and the wide expanse of nature echoed and re-echoed the heavenly strain; then silence profound.

XXIX.

BACH.

"NOW" said Helene, "we are prepared to enter the Vestibule of Harmony, which is the name of the edifice before us."

Imagine my feelings at this supreme moment. Here I stood, an immortal soul; passed the portals of that which is called death; all doubts had forever vanished away with the dark and dreary past, and I stood now in the bright and beautiful sunshine of actual, experimental certainty; and I was about to enter, what my soul now longed for, a most beautiful and magnificent building, wherein were gathered some of the greatest composers and masters of music that the earth had ever known. My soul was awe-struck; and trembled with joyful emotion. The massive portals swung wide, we glided through them and paused for a short time, for the light and glory within was too much, at first, for my newborn and tender soul. Presently, I heard a deep and sympathetic voice near us, and looking up, a gentleman stood there with extended hand. He was tall and finely proportioned, with large, dark, piercing, yet sympathetic eyes; wide, full, clear brow; fine dark curling hair, that waved to his shoulders; sweet, full, sensitive lips, with clear cut harmonious features. His clothes were fine and dark in color, and fitted

his supple form perfectly. A small jewel flashed and burned on his breast with such dazzling brightness that I could not look at it, and as he extended his hand, I caught the gleam of a similar one on his finger. He looked so much like a refined gentleman of earth, that my embarrassment and fear left me, and I took the hand so cordially extended to me. It was soft, yet firm; but it sent such a thrilling shock through my whole being that I dropped it in sudden fright. He gazed at me with his luminous eyes and a soft smile parted his perfect lips, showing his beautiful teeth of dazzling whiteness.

"Take my hand once more," said he, "and it will give you strength; for you will need all the strength at your command as well as all that I can impart to you, in order to meet those whom you will see and hear within this hall."

I took the extended hand once more, and with the clasp, gentle thrilling shocks passed through and through me again, until I began to feel large and strong and powerful, as though I could bear to see the heavens open before me; and then the soft and gentle voice of Helene; said:

"Herfronzo, this is Bach!"

I gazed at him. Great waves of love and joyful emotion filled my soul, for he had been one of my favorite composers, and times without number, I had played his grand anthems, his soft prayerful melodies, and his gliding, whispering, spiritual songs. Oh, I had loved and appreciated him well! How little I then thought, that he knew it all, that he had often been near me, listening and lending inspiration to my touch;

but now one glance revealed the whole. For a moment I felt as though I could fall down and worship him, but he restrained me, saying.

"Brother, would you like to hear me play?"

That was the wish then upermost in my mind. He led us up a gently inclined way that ran on either side the wide portals, and ushered us into a sanctuary. It was lighted by one of the large stained glass windows before mentioned. The place looked so home-like and withal so exquisitely beautiful, that I lost my embarrassment at finding myself in the presence of one that my soul had revered, and that I supposed would be so far above and beyond me, that I could never hope to meet him on such terms of intimacy and equality as I now found myself. He politely and affectionately asked us to be seated. We seated ourselves in some soft and elegant chairs that stood about the place, and then my eyes roved about, drinking in the beautiful vision. The room was circular in form, the ceiling a dome of pale azure, but so lofty I could not tell of what it was composed; what surprised me more than anything else, was seven large globes, turning, wheeling, revolving within this domed arch. I sat gazing at them in pleased astonishment. There was an exact representation of the Sun, the central point of attraction, light golden in color, sending forth his rays of light, which was as Aristotle had explained to me the coalescing of two great principles in nature, Magnetism and Electricity. Circling around the Sun, on the outermost limits, was a pale silvery planet; it was the Mag-

netic counterpart of the Sun. It rolled in pale majesty, over and over, around and around; and the Sun, by the power of its magnetism, obeyed its every motion.

The grandeur of the whole thing nearly overpowered me. Helene glanced at me with her large magnetic eyes; strength and assurance returned to me and now I looked again. There was Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Saturn, Jupiter, Uranus. Now these planets were all revolving precisely as they do in the heavens and I could see all things appertaining to them, which ones were inhabited, their differences, manners and customs. Oh, it would take ages to learn all that might be learned of this one system alone.

"Well," said Bach, in his sweetly thrilling voice, "those seven planets represent the seven fundamental sounds in music. All things in nature correspond, as you will not be long in discovering if you are an apt pupil, which I am very sure you are." And he smiled his brilliant smile, and the jewel on his breast flashed and glittered and sent forth rays of dazzling light.

The walls were panelled, but in a very strange and beautiful way. As I looked at these panels it appeared as though I were looking out through a vista dim; yet, as I looked, each view became clearer, brighter, more entrancing; and again the thought that it would take ages upon ages to understand all one might see in this direction. I closed my eyes to bring my senses back to what was immediately before me. I glanced at the window, and I was looking out into a heaven so ex-

quisite, so dazzingly beautiful that the window must be stained to soften the glory, so that pupils lately arrived from earth could look and not be completely overpowered. The floor of the room was an Emerald, and as I gazed downward I saw dim visions of spheres upon spheres below me, and if one were to look long enough, one could decipher them all.

BACH PLAYS.

Again the sweetly melodious voice of Bach said.

"Brother, would you like to hear me play?"

Yes. Oh yes; I had almost forgotten that.

I now saw the room was filled with all kinds of musical instruments. A grand Organ, an elegant Piano, a Violin and Violoncello, and all the various instruments, both great and small, that I had ever seen or heard of, and many more I knew nothing about.

Bach seated himself at the organ and commenced to play. Soft and tender and low. It was the crickets chirping under the hearth-stone in the house where I was born, in that far off time, in the Vater-land; and now the soft voice of my mutter, crooning pretty measures to her baby-boy; and now my little sisters began to chatter and play and sing their childish songs. The little birds and streamlets joined their voices, the summer winds caught up the song, the trees waved their broad arms aloft, and the ocean commenced her boom, boom, boom; and then a pause. Now I was dancing with my sweetheart on the floor of the old barn; now my marriage

bells rang out sweet and clear; then the rocking of the old ship as the waves dashed about her; then the new bright land appeared—too new and bright to be very comfortable at first—and then the hand over hand struggle for existence; then came sad and touching requiems, the heavens opened and an angel ascended; they closed again and heavy clods fell on the coffin lid; then commenced the wailing sound of grief, and motherless children. Then again, marriage bells; but this time they had lost their glad sound and were faint and far away; then the pæan took on a grander, wider sound and the march of life began in earnest; little fresh new voices were added all the way. Then I was lost to all objective things in the grand finale. It ended, and there I sat like one entranced. Ah; that was playing as I could never play."

"And now," said Bach, rising, "I want to hear you play; but I thought I could not after hearing him, it seemed as though my touches would be mere infant's play; his gentle smile encouraged me, and I seated myself at the Piano.

I touched the keys softly; the notes took on a heavenly sound, and I played a miscellaneous jumble until I was tired.

"Now," said Bach, "we are going to straighten that all out, every thread of it, until it shall make complete and heavenly music, are we not?" extending his hand to Helene.

Her beautiful eyes filled with tender light, answered him; and then he waved us an affectionate farewell, and we left the grand hall for this time to return to it again and again, whenever we wished. Helene and I, already had three

distinct homes. We were eventually to have very many more, and we learned that the angels have a great many homes. When we desired to live, for awhile, very near to earth, and the lowest or primary forms of nature, that we might gather wisdom in matters we had not fully comprehended when in the earth-life; then we would remain for a season, in this last home which we had builded in the lowest spiritual sphere, very near to earth; and it was often easier to work for earth and its inhabitants from this home than from the ones higher up in the spheres; and from this home we could put ourselves in communication with my son Karl for hours and even days at a time; and as our work for a long time was to lie principally with earth, we needed this home, therefore I will describe it.

It was a small white cottage with only two rooms, one above and one below; front and back windows; front and back door; hallway and stairs. A lovely pond, or small lake lay at the back of the house with a little boat moored to the shore. In front of the house was a sweet little flower garden. A winding road ran in front of this and disappeared in wooded regions yet unexplored by us. Mountains and hills were in front of the house, over which we could not see; and to the right were cities, towns and villages; and here we were close in contact with spiritual, animal life.

XXX.

TEMPLE OF WISDOM.

WE shall not be obliged to prove to our readers that there are constantly coming to us a vast number of souls from earth-life These spirits or souls are of all ages and conditions; no two are alike; all differ. No two ever come to us under the same circumstances. The experience of one is never the same as that of another, and yet in many things there is a similarity. Now these spirits have been passing up into spiritual life for ages, and can any rational being suppose they are all shut up in some little heaven or hell, or resting in the bosom of God? Such nonsense is not worthy the brain of a very small child. If you in your small earth-life have space and variety, and your life is but the commencement of a grand eternal life, can you think that we lack anything that you have, or ten thousand times more? We have already said how the soul of man is lead by the beautiful hand of love, through the gates eternal into the regions of bliss. We have given a description of a visit we made to a Hall of Harmony. We introduced to you the soul of Bach, and now I shall ask where you suppose music originates? Do you think it has its origin within the body of man? Nothing originates within the body of a man, all things have their origin within the spirit, and in the spiritual realm.

After we had rested from our visit to Bach, my dear Helene said we would now visit some other place of interest; and so, hand in hand we floated outward and upward. She did not tell me where we were going, and therefore all we saw was a pleasant surprise to me. I will not stop to tell all the heavenly beauty we saw as we passed onward, until we arrived and paused before a palace of such magnificence and brilliant beauty, that at first we could not look at it; its dazzling beauty blinded us like the sun; but presently our eyes were able to drink in the glorious vision. The building was a massive structure in three distinct parts. The whole building glistened and sparkled, and seemed to be composed entirely of diamonds with all their deep flame colored light. The massive entrance was sparkling and bright; the steps, three in number, were of opal. There was an ebony knocker on the door, for whoever entered here must knock. We ascended the steps and Helene knocked three times. The door opened on the instant and a glorious vision stood before us; it was an Angel.

The angel bowed low and in gentle silvery tones bade us enter. The vestibule was large and spacious, and the interior of this building was lined with pearl. The angel, in polite and gentle tone, asked us "why we came? What our business might be here?" and we answered; we have come to see and to learn.

"Welcome, most welcome!" said the angel, "for none that wish to learn are ever turned away."

Two doors were opened softly and silently by another angel; their two forms standing, one at each door; and we entered a spacious hall, followed by the first angel. A vision now met our view, too glorious to be accurately described. The immense dome receded until it was lost to view, and yet we were conscious that it was there. And now appeared the most interesting sight of all. Here, there and everywhere, hovering and floating about, were the little forms of smiling cherubic children. None of them seemed to be walking or touching the floor, but hovering around and above, smiling, dancing, kissing each other, holding each other by the hands, forming into circles and throwing flowers everywhere. These flowers, as they were thrown, would come into full sight and then vanish or fade away. Many of these little ones I recognized. Many of them I had known in the earth-life. They were all little wanderers from earth and had no parents in the spirit world. They were all very young and had never reached the age when children walk.

The children that were under the guidance of Mary, were of a larger growth; those that had been old enough to run and play and learn, and knew much about earth-life, and remembered their parents well; these had all been too young for that and remembered nothing of earth, or how they had been ushered into being. Their wants were few, but their little minds were eager to drink in heavenly wisdom, and so they hovered over and above those that were really their teachers. Opposite the entrance, within a rounded alcove,

was a golden throne, inlaid with all manner of precious stones. The throne was reached by three golden steps. A large golden chair stood in the center of the throne, and two smaller chairs, one on either side the larger chair, formed a half circle. An immense volume in crimson and gold rested on a small table in front of the large chair; and I saw in shining letters, back of all this, these words: Temple of Wisdom and Love.

Now this large and spacious hall was filled by a concourse of angels, and seated in the large chair upon the throne, was a bright angel. If a denizen of earth had been ushered at once into this place, after leaving the body, he would have thought he was in the heaven he had believed in, and this bright and shining angel was God; but of course, we had been in this heavenly life long enough to know better than this, and we knew that this was only one comparatively small place within the Angelic Spheres.

A soft silence rested over this large concourse of beings, and the bright angel on the throne arose and opening the large book, raised their eyes upward. No words issued from the pure lips of Wisdom and Love, but the action in itself was enough; they were calling down blessings from a power higher even than themselves. And now in sweet and ringing tones they commenced to read from the book.

"There is no law higher than this—That ye love one another."

"Blessed are the meek and lowly, for they shall

inhabit the kingdom of Heaven—which means happiness."

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God; which means all that is good."

"Pray for them that dispitefully use you and persecute you, for they of all men most need your prayers."

The Angel seated themselves, and we heard the notes of a grand Organ, and the congregation commenced to sing a glorious Anthem. The music was so sweet and grand we were entranced, and when it was finished the angel again arose and commenced an eloquent and beautiful discourse, and this lecture I should like to give verbatim as it issued from the lips of an holy Angel, for each word is impressed on my memory forever more.

XXXI.

JEWELS.

"BROTHERS, Sisters, Spirits, Angels;" said the speaker; "we are assembled here to-day, to speak upon subjects of the most vital importance. We know that we as angels, cannot be idle; for we well know if we were to become idle, that moment we should fall from our high estate; that moment our sparkling jewels would become dim. We know it is impossible for us to cease moving onward and upward; for if we did not move in this direction we should, most assuredly, fall backward and downward. We know we must work and be dilligent; and the question each one of us, here assembled at this time, must ask of ourselves, is; where can we work to the best advantage? It is only necessary that you question your own souls; if you question thus, you will always receive the answer. No other soul can give you back the response. The light, the glory, is within you. We do not stand here as a teacher, but as one that would cheer and encourage you in all good works—as one that would aid in giving you strength to carry out all the high and holy purposes that you find within yourselves. Neither, can we allot to you any one of your missions; you each and all have your mission but it is best known to yourselves, another may not intermeddle with it. But this we all know; unless we are guided by love and

wisdom we had better remain idle. This beautiful Temple which represents the body, spirit and soul of man, has been erected by the combination of Love and Wisdom as it exists within each one of you here present, for you all lended a hand in the building of it. It is but the outgrowth of your own beautiful and industrious souls; but it is a real building and not a delusion; for as you banded yourselves together and placed your minds on that which you desired, it became objective, an outgrowth of the beautiful within you, and this most elegant edifice is the result. You find it is necessary for you to band together and rear such grand halls wherein to assemble for renovation, that you may renew your strength and courage for the work that is constantly before you. We do not admit within these walls any low or ignorant being; they cannot enter here until they are fitted by love and wisdom to add glory, beauty and strength to our Temple. Every jewel that enters into the construction of this glorious building must be real and of true value; firm and enduring and brilliantly beautiful without and within; it must not be marred by either spot or blemish, and it must be kept constantly bright and untarnished by the earnest dilligence of the builders. We all know our work lies directly with the souls of our brother man; and so long as there is one soul on earth or within the spiritual Spheres, that is ignorant, that is unhappy, that has a single spot or blemish upon it, just so long our work lies before us and requires our love, our wisdom, our time, our dilligence; and whilst we are working for

our brother, we are unconsciously adding brightness and beauty to our own souls, and adding jewels of untold value to this, our beautiful temple. When we last met here, jewels of immense value were fetched by each one of you, and given into the treasury of heaven to be added to this our structure. They have been placed by the hand of Wisdom and Love, where they were most needed to strengthen and beautify our Temple. At this meeting we expect that many more will be added."

The angel now descended from the throne and stood behind an alter of gold. The angel that had spoken stood behind a polished table of ebony, and the other angels stood one on either side.

"Now" said the first angel, "we are ready to receive your gifts. You all know that order is one of the first laws of heaven, and so each one comes in his turn."

Thereupon, there was a gentle stir in the audience, and commencing with the first they filed, one by one, past the alter, and as each one passed they left a precious gem on the table. When all had returned to their places there remained upon the table a heap of glittering wealth. The angel reached forth his hand and raised a brilliant jewel between his thumb and finger and held it up that all might see; but he called no names, and none but the angel that left it knew to whom it belonged; for it hath been said: "let not your left hand know what your right hand doeth." Holding up the jewel the angel read therefrom.

"A cry; a prayer ascended up to us from one who dwelt on earth where we were born. The cry came from a soul in agony, a lonely desolate soul; one too weak to fight the battle of life alone. The cry was for help; help from on high. We heard that prayer, we hastened to answer it, we gave to that soul, struggling in the bondage of error, light, knowledge, truth in its various forms. We aided the soul to cast off its bondage of darkness and it became light, bright, happy and strong; and able to aid other souls, that were brought in contact with it, to cast off the bondage of error in which they were struggling, and to become free and happy in the light of truth."

The jewel blazed and sparkled as the angel handed it to the one on his right. The angel picked up another, and read thus.

"We heard a sob; a sigh; we hastened to see from whence it came. It was from the soul of a little child. One suffering under cruelty, injustice and wrong. Its little spirit struggled hard to be released. We found a kind soul that needed that child; we augmented and increased the desire of that one to take that child and care for it kindly; and then breathed into the child a spirit of love and peace.

The jewel glistened like a tear as the angel gave it to the one on the left. They held up another and this was the reading.

"We heard the cry of a strong man, and he said. 'All is darkness. The life on earth is but a bubble, and the death

of the body the end. Life is not worth the living. The struggle for existence is too great. I almost have a mind to end it and lay my weary body down in the grave, where all is darkness, oblivion and rest. I stand on the cold mountain heights alone. No one loves me, or if they seem to it is not for myself, but for what I may be able to do for them. No one understands me, or has any sympathy in common with me. The constant cry is, give; give; give; but where am I to receive strength that I may be able to give? for light and hope dwell not within my soul.' And we went and found one who could answer every cry which the strong man sent forth; and his soul was lightened of its burdens, and he found within that other soul all he needed, and the path of Eternal Life was made clear to him, and his cry for unselfish love met with its fulfilment, and he became strong, hopeful and happy, and able to meet the great demands made on him."

The jewel glittered and blazed and burned, and the angel passed it to the one on the right; and yet, they picked up another, and read thus:

"A little child had passed through the Gates Eternal, and was lying happy and content in the arms of an angel. We heard the mother's wail of grief, and hastened to comfort her. She was kneeling by the grave of her baby, desolate and heart-broken; to her the child was dead—she would never see it more—the heaven she believed in was too far off, too indefinite; she felt that her baby was lost to her forever.

We whispered words of hope and comfort to that sorrowing heart, placed the spirit-form of the babe within her arms, and then with gentle magnetic touches we opened the mother's spiritual sight and she saw the babe within her arms, she felt its little hands caress her face, its little lips as they were pressed to hers, she looked into its beautiful spiritual eyes and her tears were dried. 'My baby! oh my baby! You are not dead but here with me."

The jewel was a pearl, and it sent forth rays of soft and beautiful light as the angel passed it to the one on the left.

"You all know," said the angel, "that every jewel here has its own story. Some kind and loving deed was done; if not directly to the denizens of earth, to some new-born spirit. Some of these jewels represent the taking and caring for infants sent into spirit-life, before they ought to come, through the ignorance of parents. Other of these gems, are of those that think out inventions and improvements of all kinds for the benefit of both earth and heaven. Others, for the amelioration of all suffering, and using their influence to bring those together that will give the greatest amount of happiness to each other; for happiness is heaven and heaven is happiness; and you all know that ignorance and suffering is all the hell there is, or ever will be; and it is to save mankind, both in and out of the body, from ignorance, suffering, or hell, that we all are constantly working. We also know that whenever any creature suffers there is ignorance and wrong

some where. If the wrong has not been committed by the sufferer, it has been committed by some one; and it is to right these wrongs, and to bring all things into harmonious and happy relations, that we are constantly at work. The greatest amount of suffering known to us is caused by ignorance. To enlighten those below us in wisdom will eventually create a heaven for all, and at last all will inhabit the kingdom of heaven which is happiness.

The angel now closed the book; the other two angels gathered up the jewels and gently glided behind the throne; and the angel that had spoken raised their hands and eyes upward and blessed the congregation; then the organ sent forth a glorious, heavenly peal, and the angels passed out, each one to their work, and Helene and I followed.

Helene's lovely eyes had gathered new strength and beauty; her sweet lips wore a more heavenly smile; her exquisite form swayed in unison with her happy thoughts and high resolves, and I followed her lead, for without her I was but a dark and unhappy being. Now for a short time we would go and rest ourselves.

XXXII.

WALALU.

I went to the piano and commenced playing. First a grand impulsive wave, with a minor undertone of sorrowful regret. Then soft, tender, sympathetic, tearful sounds, as it were angels weeping over their loved ones yet in sorrow and darkness. Then the grave, deep, solemn, yearning earnestness of a father's soul that had found immortality, peace, rest, joy and heaven. Then the thrilling, sweeping, wave upon wave that would not cease in its effort, until it reached earth and the loved ones left therein and the quivering sounds entered their souls and pierced and stirred them up, until they should comprehend immortal truth, which means the immortality of the soul. Then the gentle ceaseless patter of untiring effort to raise them upward and guide them onward. Now the sweet ecstatic sounds of a blending, harmonious, heavenly love; the giving and receiving of the sweetest and most harmonious chords of the soul of man. Now the soft gentle sounds of angels hovering near. Now the joyful, thankful sounds as they find their efforts rewarded by slow but sure recognition. Now the grand joyful anthem of never ending thankfulness and praise.

My being became enraptured with the music it bore with-

in it, and I played the joyful strains over and over again; now louder, now softer; now louder, still louder; then sinking to the softest, sweetest whisperings; and so I kept on. I cannot say how long; Helene's sweet voice singing in perfect unison and time with every note struck, her beautiful enraptured face turned heavenward, her soft eyes filled with liquid heavenly light. Then we finished with the sounds and words: Oh; this is rest; this is peace; this is joy; this is life eternal; this is the heaven long sought for and obtained. This the never-ending joy; this the everlasting peace; this the eternal heaven. I ceased playing; some other soul was standing near. I looked around and my eyes fell upon an extremely beautiful creature; it was the form of an Indian girl with her lovely hand resting on the neck of a fawn which stood close by her side, its great beautiful eyes looking straight into mine as though listening intently and with pleasure, to my music.

The girl's straight lithe form was swaying like the wind, her dark eyes gleaming and dancing with joy. Her long, thick, black hair streaming down almost to her feet. Her neck, arms, feet and legs were bare. A little crimson robe, reaching to the knees, clung gracefully about the rounded and beautiful form, confined about the waist by a sash of gold. A jaunty little cap adorned with an elegant white feather, rested on the graceful head. Her appearance was that of one about sixteen years of age. Helene went forward and gave her hand to the Indian maiden.

"Welcome, dear Walalu," she said. "Did our music fetch you here?"

"Me love music much" answered the silvery voice. "That very small thing make very big music," meaning the Piano; but great forest trees make much better."

What kind of music do you hear in the great trees? I asked, deeply interested in the lovely wild creature. Her eyes dilated. She raised her dark lovely arms aloft, swaying them to represent the motions of the trees and their branches; her head and the uppper portion of her body moving in unison and time as she went on.

"Me sing you sweet song the trees sing to me." And this is the song she sung, the silvery voice imitating the winds and swaying branches. She commenced with a low, soft, sighing sound; her lovely hands and arms moving slowly and gracefully above and around her swaying head. Then the leaves on all the trees began to flutter, her little fingers quivering and fluttering as did her voice. Her motions and voice changed rapidly as she represented the leaves of the different trees of the forest; the trembling flutter of the poplar; her little fingers would straighten out like the needles of the pine, and her voice would sing a mournful hush; then the beach, the oak, the maple, the cotton-wood, all were represented. Then the wind would blow with greater power, and the gale would become so strong that her arms and body swayed in all directions, until she would nearly touch the floor at every motion; her voice exactly imitating

the sighing, rushing, roaring wind. Gust after gust, now would strike the trees; then all at once she stood motionless, her eyes flashing, her breast heaving. Then the scream of an eagle broke the silence, her arms waving majestically as he soared aloft. Then all the little frightened birds began to chirp and flutter; some flying to their nests, others with little screams of fright, scurrying before the wind. Suddenly she drew a glittering sword from her girdle, that had hitherto been concealed by the folds of her crimson skirt, and flashed it with such rapidity in all directions, that it nearly blinded us; then amid her gustful swayings, the low thunder muttered; then more screaming of frightened birds; then with a swish, swash, swish, the rain came down in floods. Again and again the rain came down in torrents. Again and again the lightning flashed, the rain beat and poured, the trees waved and swayed madly in the gale, the thunder muttered, bellowed, roared and crashed; suddenly she appeared as if broken at the waist; her head fell to the floor, her long black hair lying in a wide circle all about it and she made a noise like the splitting and breaking of a tree in the wind; then righting herself she represented the wind as blowing with great fury; then again the lightning flashed with blinding force; rip! split! split! rip! A tree had been struck and torn to pieces.

I gazed at the beautiful creature in amazement. Helene's eyes wore a look of enthusiasm.

"How you like my music? questioned Walalu.

Extremely well; I answered. It is the very essence and poetry of music. Who taught you to perform like that?

"Great Spirit above," she answered, raising her eyes upward.

"Did you ever see this great Spirit you speak of?

"Me never see him, me feel him," she answered.

Where do you feel him?

"Little heap of him live here," she said, placing her hand upon her lovely palpitating breast.

Walalu, I asked, how long have you lived in this world?

"Long, big time; since me come to happy hunting grounds," she answered.

But there are no storms, or thunder and lightning here, I said; it seems quite strange you should remember and sing and act so well.

"Oug; oug; that nothing, me go down, down, walk with my people much big time," meaning that she visited earth and her tribe a great deal.

Walalu, I said, your people are very near right when they teach of the great spirit and happy hunting grounds; much nearer right than the christian, when he teaches of a revenge-God, Hell, Heaven, and washing in the blood of Christ and thereby becoming white as snow.

"Oug; me get all red and sticky, me wash in blood" said she. "Me wash in clear running water, make me clean."

And even at that, it does not make you very white, I said, laughing.

"Me no pale face, me Indian," she said with an arch smile, hiding her face in the soft neck of the fawn.

Well, Walalu, I said, rising. Sit down here and let me see if you can play on this piano. She shook her head, looking contemptuously at the instrument.

"Oh; said she, "what for you play on that?"

Why, to make grand music, I answered.

"Eh," said she, maybe you like um; me don't. Birds, trees, water, big wind, soft wind, thunder, lightning, big waters, all good music; much better piano to me," and she gave the piano a little contemptuous push.

"Oh," that much too little."

She arose to her feet and placing her hands to her lips, gave a long, shrill, peculiar cry; and in a second or two, it was answered by a similar cry in the distance. Her eyes looked expectant and danced with joy. Soon, there entered at the door a tall brave, the dog following and licking at his hand. He bowed his tall form before us and then taking Walalu in his arms, he kissed her bright face, over and over again.

"Me hunt; hunt for you," he said, "me no find you anywhere."

She nestled close into his breast as she answered. "Me run away like the wind, make you hunt; no find me; you hear me when I blow?"

" Yes, little storm cloud, you make me heap trouble; you come, then you go; you give me sunshine, then big cloud."

She patted his cheek fondly with her dark hand and then pointed at the piano.

"Pale face make big music in him," she said.

He looked at me, then at the piano; and shaking his head said:

"You show them how make big thunder music?"

"She bowed assent; he came up to the piano, struck a few notes upon it, then turned on his heel and went back to where Walalu was standing.

'White-feather," said Helene, "will you play some of your music for us?

He bowed low. "Not now, some other time me play you good music," and taking Walalu's hand they departed as silently as they had come.

XXXIII.

THE NAZARENE.

IT was nothing uncommon for us to have visitors, and I hope yet to speak of many. But now we thought we would take a little sail out on the beautiful lake, and so passing down to the water's edge we entered our own little boat. A lovely little white poodle dog lay curled up in the boat, waiting and watching for us.

"Flossy," said Helene, "poor little Flossy! a cruel heart sent you away from your mistress before you ought to have come. But we shall take care of you, little dog, and your mistress will surely see you again."

We shall not stop to describe our boat; suffice it to say that it was a beautiful little restful affair, just large enough for the ease and comfort of its occupants, and it danced on the waves with a gently pleasing motion. We have no blazing sun here to burn and scorch us; and our air is spiritual and etherial in its nature, and has a soothing revivifying effect upon us. We never need anything such as an outside garment, and so we move airily around, clothed in magnetic gauzy substance from our interior throwing outward to the exterior We had entered our little boat now, more for

pleasure and rest than anything else, and we were continually giving and receiving each other's thoughts. My mind was constantly reverting to my dear Karl. Perhaps some will ask, why to him more than your other children? I will tell you why. Because on coming to the spiritual world, where I could understand the interior souls of my children, I found his soul was the most gifted and spiritual of all my children, and consequently the most desolate and lonely; and I found that he was to the world at large, extremely reticent, and that his inner being was so completely isolated, it was feeding and preying upon itself in the most frightful manner. On our return we found Aristotle seated on the veranda waiting for us. We greeted him joyfully; and shortly afterward there entered, Voncelora and Katrina.

"I am sent, dear friends, to invite you to a feast that is to be given in one of the mansions of our father's house; and we shall meet there, one, whom I am sure you will be glad to see. Will you come?"

We accepted the invitation gladly, for we knew that wherever Aristotle invited us to go, a feast of the soul was in store for us; and so together, we three Angels passed upward into the regions of bliss. It is useless for me to describe this third Paradise; there are no words that can give an idea of its glory. There were no buildings in this particular part of paradise, but a long table stood in a field Elysian, and the most magnificent and beautiful scenery met the eye at all points. We saw as we approached, many people seated

around this table. Aristotle gave us our appointed seats, taking a seat himself at my right hand. I allowed my eyes to roam over the assembled company. I knew by intuition who many of these angels were; and those I did not at once recognize were made known to me by Aristotle. But my eyes rested and riveted themselves on one that was seated directly opposite me. And it was Jesus; formerly of Nazareth. He was gazing straight into my eyes, and his own were piercing, deep and sweetly blue.

My soul thrilled delightedly. This, then, was Jesus; that on earth was called the Christ. I should now understand it all. Power and majesty lay all around him, but it was simply the power of great love and wisdom evenly balanced. It is needless for me to say that there were two forms, male and female, which constituted the one Angel; and this was so of all that were present, for there were no spirits at this table. Jesus was a beautiful, bright and shining angel as were all the others. I was eager to talk with this son of Nazareth, and was not at all afraid of him. He gazed at me with his loving eyes, saying:

"Welcome, Herfronzo, to the land of redeemed souls."

Redeemed, Redeemed? Now I should have a contest with Jesus. I glanced around the table, and every eye was turned upon this man of Nazareth and myself, but the eyes were all deeply loving, deeply wise. I found my tongue at last, and my old earth love of argument returned upon me hot and heavy.

Redeemed? I said at last. Am I to understand by this, that you consider yourself the redeemer of mankind?

"Yes," he answered mildly, "I am a redeemer of mankind. I hope, dear Herfronzo, that you will also become a redeemer of mankind.

Am I then to understand there is a hell from which the spirits and angels of this life have been redeemed?

"Yes," he answered more mildly than before, "there is a hell from which all human souls are constantly being redeemed; but the proper name of this hell is error and ignorance, and I am constantly doing my best to redeem man from this hell. All other angels are redeemers as well as myself."

Were you begotten by the Holy Ghost?—well, on earth it is understood to mean God?

"That is right," he said. "God and the Holy Ghost are one. I was begotten by God, which is the Holy Ghost."

Then you mean to tell me that Mary was your mother, and God was your father?

"Yes" he replied, "Mary was my mother and God was my father."

Your assertion sounds very strange, coming as it does from the lips of a pure white Angel as you certainly appear to be.

"I and my father are one;" he repeated, "and if I and my father are one, then I am the father of myself."

His wise and loving eyes held mine in a magnetic grip.

The father of yourself, I said, a derisive smile curling my

lips, for I had always cherished a slight prejudice against Jesus, and I believe I could have faced Hades and its reputed master, rather than allow such nonsense to go unchallenged. I glanced at Voncelora, for he was my father, and I, at least, had not been begotten by the Holy Ghost. I laid my hand on Voncelora's arm, and as I did so, Jesus did the same to one that sat by his side.

This is my father, I said. Do you claim that you had no earthly father?

"I and my father are one," he again repeated, "I am the father of myself, and so are all other beings."

If I had not been an Angel and in heaven, I should have been angry, but a solemn gentle stillness reigned over all the assembled company. No derisive smile was on any face but my own. Helene sat with bowed head. Jesus' hand rested on the arm of the angel that sat by him.

"Now, Herfronzo, I know my talk sounds as paradoxical to you, as Voncelora's did when he told you that you were not a married man; and that you never were married. But I believe he proved to you the truth of his statement; and I also hope to prove to you that I existed before my father, or, at least, was co-existent with him. And as you say that Voncelora was your father; so in the same manner, this Angel that sits by me was my father."

But I understood you to say that you were begotten by the Holy Ghost; and that Angel is not God, or the Holy Ghost, and must have once been a man, like as we all were.

"Yes," he replied, "and we were all begotten by God, or the Holy Ghost."

I began to feel a little ashamed of my anger.

Oh! I said, I begin to understand you. Then you do not claim that you were begotten any differently from the rest of us?

"No," he answered, "and I never did intend to claim, when I was on the earth, that my earthly parentage was any different from that of other men. My words were misunderstood by men, the same as you have misunderstood them now; but I meant to be understood spiritually instead of literally. I meant that my earthly father was not the first or primal cause of my being; that I was co-existent with God, or the Holy Ghost; and I was right. I said, I and my father are one; and I meant by this that I was God, and God was I, as all other men and angels are God, as all things that exist are God, as the great whole constitutes God, and God or the Holy Ghost dwells within all things."

"Are you willing now to admit that I and my father are one, and that I was begotten by the Holy Ghost? Are you also willing to admit that I am a redeemer?"

But the churches on the earth teach that you are the only redeemer, or Saviour.

"Herfronzo, will you be one with me to help redeem the Churches from error and ignorance on this point? The Angels within this sphere are all redeemers, and are at work as I am at work."

Well, I said, before I can work with you, I must be thoroughly enlightened on many points.

"True;" he replied, and that is why you have been invited to this supper; to you it is the Lord's Supper."

Again I felt nettled. I am not willing to own you for my Lord and Master; in fact, I think I like Voncelora much better.

"He that loves father or mother, brother or sister more than me is not worthy of me."

Then I am not worthy of you, I answered, for I love Helene and Katrina, Aristotle and Voncelora, better than I do you.

Again his eyes held my own with their sweet magnetism.

"Is it their personality which you love, or the love and wisdom which shines through that personality? And when I said, he that loved father or mother, brother or sister more than me, was not worthy of me, I merely meant the love and wisdom that was higher than myself, or any other personality: the love and wisdom which shone through the personality.

XXXIV.

SPIRITUAL GERMS.

YOU have not yet made it clear to me how you can be co-existent with God, or the Holy Ghost.

"In order to make this perfectly plain to you, I will introduce Galen and Harvey." Two angels arose as Jesus spoke, and gently inclined their heads toward me and again seated themselves.

"Herfronzo," said Galen, "you are willing to admit that spirit and matter are forever and eternal, they had no beginning, they can never have an end: that spirit and matter is God, the great father and mother of all things, or in other words, of all form that exists. That the blending, or union of spirit and matter produces, or brings forth form, and all forms are the children of spirit and matter?"

Yes, I answered, this is to me most reasonable.

"Then the germs of all things reside within the never ending ocean of spirit and matter?"

Yes, this view of it seems grand truth to me.

"And it is truth," he answered, "as all wise angels know. Then, if the never ending ocean of spirit and matter is God, father and mother in one, and their blending brings forth form, and the germs of all things reside within this eternal

fount, and they never had a beginning and consequently can never have an end,—was not Jesus right when he said, I and my father are one, and by the Holy Ghost was I begotten? And now I will explain this matter to you a little. Jesus was a despised Nazarene. 'Could any good thing come out of Nazareth?' This was the way the people talked and it was to teach them that it did not matter who his parents were, or from what town he came; all this was unimportant, he was a son of God, or Wisdom: and existed long before his earthly father had taken on a form, and was co-existent with God. But the most of the people, in those days, had smaller brains than Jesus: he was a man ahead of the times in which he lived, and therefore became a martyr, as thousands of others have, to truth."

I now looked at Jesus more complacently. I was being reconciled to Jesus, but in a different way from which it is commonly understood by man.

You say, we were all co-existent with God, or rather, that we all existed within the ocean of spirit and matter as germs. This interests me greatly. Will you not go on and tell me more?

"With pleasure," answered Galen. "When I lived on the earthly plane, I was a physician, as perhaps you well know, and I studied deeply into all things pertaining to the life of man. 'Man, know thyself.' This thought was continually within my mind, and I was greatly desirous of understanding the law of propagation, and for many reasons which

I will not now mention, I became convinced that if a man had a spirit or soul, it was not propagated down through generations of men, and boys had not the power of propagation. I came to the conclusion that man's soul was put into his body in some mysterious way after birth. This was as far as I could go when in the earth-life. A few years I became engaged my mind again reverted to the subject, and I soon learned the truth. I found that man existed as a germ within the everlasting ocean of spirit and matter. That these germs were breathed into the lungs of men. That men began the positive force, attracted and held them. From the lungs they passed into the blood, and there became clothed with material substance, and after they had been nourished and fed by the mother, they were born into the earth-life as human beings. Therefore, man is coexistent with God, a part of God, and as Jesus said, is the father of himself."

"Harvey," said Galen, "will you tell Hertonzo what you discovered?"

"With pleasure," answered Harvey.

"I suppose, my dear Hertonzo, you are aware that I was the first to discover the circulation of the blood, and while I was making minute examinations, I discovered within the product of man's blood, germinal points. Since my time on earth, other physicians have, under the microscope, discovered and analyzed the germinal points, and many are convinced that these germs are gathered in from out the atmosphere by man, and this is true. In the form of spiritual

germs we had no beginning; in the form of progressed angels we can have no end; we are eternal, and co-existent with God, which meaneth all things that are, or ever shall be."

"I do not yet comprehend the law of soul mates, or counterparts; although already united to my counterpart and consequently a completed angel; yet I am still ignorant of the law which governs it."

"Socrates," said Galen, "will you explain to our brother Herfronzo, the great law of counterparts?"

"Herfronzo," said Socrates, "let us examine one of these spiritual germs before it has ever been breathed in by man, and we shall soon discover the law which regulates soul counterparts." Saying this, he waved his hands toward me in a gentle manner. Immediately my sight expanded and I saw innumerable small pellucid transparent globes floating here, there and everywhere. I took one of them in my hand and examined it closely. I found it was an indestructable spiritual germ, in the form of an egg, and within it were two perfect forms, the man and woman to be; the male and female in one; the future angel. The forms were perfect, but the eyes were closed; they were not yet self conscious, or intelligent. Consciousness and intelligence were yet in store for them.

How is it, I asked, that children are born singly, not in pairs as this germ would indicate?

"These globes which you now see, are perfect germs, they have never yet been breathed into the lungs of living man;

that is reserved for them," answered Socrates. "When these perfect germs are breathed in by man, the positive or male half germinates, or develops first; the female half or negative is thrown back into the atmosphere in the form of an oblong globe, for they must be separated in order to be born male and female; for if this were not so the law of propagation would be at an end. This latter globe, being oblong, never rises above the dense atmosphere, and the lungs of man have a far greater attraction for it than they did when it was a perfect globe; therefore, it almost immediately becomes incarnated. And now I have explained to you the true law of the sexes, for they are born into life in equal numbers. Now after these germs have expanded and become intelligent men and women, or otherwise, and then leave their bodies or die, they are again united and form one completed Angel. Yourself, dear Herfronzo and Helene, once existed within one of these perfect globes or germs, as one, from thence you became man and woman, performed your work on earth, becoming conscious and intelligent; from thence you have become again united and are now a perfected Angel, far on your road toward heavenly wisdom. Which would you prefer to be, Herfronzo, an Angel, or the undeveloped germ of an Angel?—for many people say, they wish they had never been born."

There is but one answer to this question, I said. It is as much better to be an Angel than a germ, as it would be if there were a hell, to be in heaven instead of hell, for now I

can examine all things with intelligent eyes and be wise as a God. I can now enjoy the happiness of eternal love; truly, love and wisdom are the everlasting hand-maidens of God.

XANTHIPPE.

Socrates, allow me to ask you if that is Xanthippe by your side?

"No," answered Socrates, "Xanthippe and myself were not mated. It was not her fault, poor lady, that I was a constant source of annoyance to her; we did not then understand the law which governs the true union and love did not abide with us. Heaven be praised: this is not Xanthippe, but my own true counterpart; in the germinal globe we were together, we are again united as an Angel. Happy Socrates! This is also true of every Angel present, and of all angels that exist throughout eternity, and Jesus is no better than any other angel that is as wise and good as he. Natural laws are just the same to him that they are to all other men and angels. He is just as much of God as we are and no more."

Jesus looked at me wisely and lovingly, and rising, extended his hands and blessed the assembled company, and each angel went his way. Helene and myself were a little weary, and so we returned to her Villa, and there we rested in love, until we were refreshed and ready to again visit earth and work for those that needed us; and there were none that needed us more than my own son Karl. This man was so hungry for heavenly wisdom he had come near unto the

gates of death, from sheer soul starvation, but in the eyes of heavenly wisdom he ought not yet to come; his work and earthly mission were not yet completed; for unless some of these sensitive souls remained on earth and were taught true wisdom by the angels, how would it be possible for earth to progress? The great eternal, natural law, is, onward and upward, around and around. Now this starving child of mine must be fed with wisdom from on high. Voncelora and myself must be the direct agents to feed him, and as fast as I myself was fed, I must return and feed this child.

The question is asked by many on earth, of what use or benefit is it to man, that the spirits of the departed return and communicate with him? Now I in return will ask, of what use or benefit is it to a child to be taught wisdom by its teachers or parents? Of what use is it to teach the ignorant anything? Why not let a babe remain a babe in wisdom forever? Why not let a germ remain a germ forever? In fact, why need there be germs, or anything at all? But the great eternal truth is, that all these things do exist and there never was a time when they did not; therefore, the great eternal law is, that the higher shall teach the lower, and that is why angels and spirits communicate with man, and that was the reason why I must teach my starving child and all others that could and would accept my teachings; and I must be taught by those higher than myself, and so on forever.

A globe is an emblem of eternal wisdom, bearing within itself the germ of all possible things. If a man's body is not

fed it starves and perishes. If a man's soul is not fed with wisdom it shrivels away and falls into darkness and error, and therefore my starving son must be fed, and I now had plenty of wisdom to feed him for a long time, and there existed a never ending supply for myself within the higher heavens.

When Helene and I returned to earth we were often in the company of many other angels that were returning, like ourselves, to visit and feed with wisdom from on high their own particular loved ones; and I soon discovered that no one in the earth-life was without some loving angel that often walked with them, and fed them as much as was needful for them, or as much as they would accept. The more we teach earth of heaven, the nearer earth will approach heaven—the happier and better it will be. I had now become a working angel; our pleasure and pastime, the quest after wisdom; our labor, that of teaching others below us and visiting earth, yet our labor was the labor of love. We were constantly visiting Halls of Wisdom; we were constantly meeting higher angels, but Voncelora and Aristotle were the friends which I loved best. Aristotle had become an Archangel; and that means he had visited many other worlds besides the earth on which he, as well as myself, were born.

Voncelora had also visited one or two. They now thought that I, in their company, might be able to visit one; and they left me to decide which one it should be. Of course the first one that I visited must be one of the planets belonging to the same system as the earth. I thought I should like

to visit one that was inhabited; also, one that was in advance of earth, and Jupiter was the one which I selected.

"Now," said Aristotle, "I have visited Jupiter many times; Voncelora has been there once or twice, and it will take us many days, as time is counted on earth, to go to Jupiter and return; for it is, even to an angel, a long distance, and the planet is very large, many times larger than earth, and we shall be obliged to rest on our way thither."

XXXV.

JUPITER.

AND so when we were fully refreshed, we three started; but we had not gone very far on our way, when we were joined by many other angels, for many new angels were eager to go, as was myself; and many archangels were delighted to take them, for they joyed in teaching wisdom. By the time we arrived on the planet Jupiter, we were a large company, and I have not yet discovered that angels visit a planet alone. We found Jupiter far in advance of earth in all things, more perfect in every way. We settled directly down upon the planet, and were met by a great concourse of the people there; for they are so far on in the scale of progress, they can perceive spirits and angels with their natural sight. Their material bodies are very light, etherial, and intensely refined; they are very nearly in a spiritual condition. When I describe the planet Jupiter, and its inhabitants, it will show what Earth and its inhabitants are to be some day.

The surface of the planet was gently undulating: there were no Volcanos; there was no fire upon the planet of any kind; fires had long since ceased to exist, and consequently the need of fire. Water had become so light and airy, it had not the power of drowning anything, although it lay in beau-

tiful lakes and small seas all over the planet, but it was not very deep anywhere, for the reason that the planet has lost its inequalities; all its surface has become smoothly undulating. It is never cold, it is never hot; it is so far removed from the sun, and its atmosphere is so rare, and so many miles in thickness, that the rays of the sun are greatly scattered and modified. It is never cold there, because the air is so many miles in thickness, and because it does not rush rapidly and create great vacuums. Consequently there are no storms of any kind, except occasionally, soft gentle rain. There is no snow, there is no ice, for it is never cold enough to freeze. There are gentle breezes, but no high winds; there is occasionally a little thunder and lightning.

From Jupiter's surface his moons look very nearly as bright as the sun, and give him almost as much light; he has no extremely dark nights, his darkest hours are not much darker than earth's twilight; therefore, he needs no artificial lights, and if he did he could not have any, for fire has ceased to be with him. Go where one will, upon his surface, there are always three large planets visible in his heavens, giving him light, besides the stars, and the stars appear much larger to him than they do to the earth, because of his rare and extensive atmosphere, and for the same reason the sun and Jupiter's four moons appear much larger and their light is more diffusive. When the sun is visible there are also two moons shining, and his moons are much larger than earth's moon. When the sun sets there are three moons visible; one

near the zenith, one in the north, and one in the south, and the sun has left a pathway of golden light behind it that does not disappear until it is about time for it to rise again in the east, and long before it rises it is heralded in the same way by a broad pathway of beautifully colored light. The people eat no flesh; that has long since been a thing of the past, and their record calls it the barbarous age, or the age of death. No animal is ever killed there, and if such a thing were to occur it would be considered murder in the first degree. Many animals that are known to earth have long since disappeared from off the face of Jupiter.

Cereals, fruit and vegetables are all the food they have, and all they want or require; but their cereals and vegetables are not like those of earth, for cooking is not known on the planet Jupiter. Their vegetables are more in the form of large sweet ground nuts that do not require cooking. Their fruits are more like large apples, bananas, oranges, cocoanuts and sweet bread fruit. Their cereals are all very different from those of earth. They have corn, but it is very large, sweet, soft and milky, and they merely eat it one kernel at a time. They have oats, but they grow very large and sweet; none but the animals eat them. There is wheat and various other small grains, but only the birds and animals eat these; they are not needed by man on the planet Jupiter. The most brilliant and beautiful flowers grow in all available places. There are no very steep or high mountains, there are no pine trees, there are no serpents. None

of the lower animals exist there now; they have long since had their day.

The age of man on the planet Jupiter is a thousand of earth's years; and he does not die as man on earth does; he at length becomes so etherial that he ascends into the heavens in plain sight of the inhabitants, merely shaking off as it were, a little of the material body that is too heavy to ascend. The people on the planet Jupiter are very large; they are born in pairs, male and female, and there is no death either by disease or accident; that has long ceased to be with them. The male and female are one from their birth, man and wife, and remain so until their ascension.

The planet Jupiter has long since ceased to multiply in numbers, they merely hold their own, and the man and wife never have but two children which are born at the same time and are the future man and wife to be. The inhabitants of Jupiter are very far on their road to perfection; they are extremely wise and God-like. Although they are very large, yet they are extremely light and very beautiful. When the children are born they know very nearly as much as the wisest man does on earth, and in three days from their birth they walk and talk and appear somewhat as your boys and girls do at twelve years of age. Very little clothing is needed on the planet Jupiter, and very little is worn. One soft flowing garment is all they wear; it is always made in the same style, but they have many of various colors. They perform but very little labor, and very little is needed. They

have no very large crowded cities or towns, and the population is quite evenly dispersed over the face of the globe. They do not buy, or sell, or barter in any way. Land is neither boughtnor sold; and all their congregations meet in the open air. They have no winters, and the land produces all the year round. Their houses are all made out of a light material, something like bamboo, which grows extremely light and large. Their houses are built in two apartments; that is all, and all that is needed, a parlor and sleeping apartment. They do not need barns or outhouses, for they can gather their food as they wish to eat it, at all times, and do not need to store it.

They eat but once in their long day, and then at the noon-tide. Their table is spread beneath the branches of a great tree which bears, all the year round, a delicious bread-fruit; it is their principal food and would sustain them if they ate nothing else. They plant one of these trees whenever their children are born, and the life and bearing of the tree is about the length or the life of the man. They do not travel much and they have no cars, but there are very large animals there, something after the style of a camel, and when they travel they ride upon his back. This animal's gait is very swift and easy; great love exists between these animals and their owners. These animals are capable of talking in monosyllables, as for instance, yes and no; and many other monosyllabic words. They also have the power of smiling; they need no shelter and usually remain near the

residences of their masters; they are not bought or sold, and very rarely produce more than two or three of their kind, but they are born singly.

The people do not have ships or vessels of any kind, for it is not needful, but there are very large birds, in form, something like a duck, that both fly and swim, and the inhabitants ride on the backs of these birds, and as no animal has any fear of man, but only love, they all delight to serve him, and one of the inhabitants of Jupiter looks as natural on the back of one of these birds as man on earth does on a horse, and the bird flies, or swims at its pleasure and to please the rider. The riders use motions and words in order to guide the birds, this is all that is necessary. There is no large ocean on the planet Jupiter, and there are no tides. The waters are never lashed into fury by storms or hurricanes. There are no cyclones or water-spouts. The planet has an abundance of water, but it is more evenly distributed than it is on the earth, owing to the planet's comparatively smooth and even surface; it has small seas and lakes with now and then a very broad and gently flowing river.

There are no kings, queens, or presidents upon the planet, for none are needed. The people have become so perfect that each one is a law unto himself; and there are no laws, or by-laws. Their music is beyond anything that I ever heard on the earth, and they often form into large bands, and their music is most heavenly. Their musical instruments I cannot describe, for they are not like those of earth, they

have been improved, until they bear no resemblance to earthly ones. They call the angels that visit them from the spheres of earth, fairies, or a word that means the same thing, little men. Their language is not like that of earth. The language which they speak has been simplified until there are but comparatively few words in it, and the same language is used all over the planet. There are no schools on the planet Jupiter, none are needed; the parents teach their two children all they themselves know; and they can know but very little more than they do, until they become entirely spiritualized. Angels from other planets are constansly visiting them and teaching them all they know. There is a great deal of uniformity on the planet, but it is of so high an order that one does not tire of it.

The belts of Jupiter are not visible to its inhabitants, they are hundreds of miles distant from its surface and beyond its atmosphere; they are composed of the worthless, or worn out atoms that constantly arise from the planet and are pushed up by its atmosphere, and as the ages roll on, they will be again revivified by a large comet, and at length become another moon.

XXXVII.

THE SHIP.

AS soon as the new angels had become familiar with the main facts concerning the planet Jupiter, we again returned to the spheres of earth; and as we greatly desired to talk with Aristotle about the planets, we invited him to remain with us as long as he could.

Voncelora was to remain also, and it was decided that we would not remain within the house, but go down by the sea and go on board a ship and sail out on the broad bosom of the spiritual ocean. And so we three angels floated down to the shore, and there we found a beautiful ship ready to receive us, and we went on board, and taking our seats on the main deck we were soon out of sight of land.

And as we sat on the deck of this beautiful ship we began to converse.

Why is it, I asked, that they have no ships or vessels of any kind, on the planet Jupiter? And why do they not have carriages, cars and locomotives, the same as they do on earth?

"My son," answered Aristotle, "no planets or peoples have anything which they do not need. Jupiter was once in the same stage of progress that the earth is now, and then he had cars, carriages, locomotives and vessels of all kinds, but he has no need of those things at the present time; his commerce has long since ceased; the hurly burly and hurry of traffic is forever over with him; his inhabitants have all become even, one with another, their wants are so few and so easily supplied that he needs nothing which you did not find

upon his surface. No kind of tree grows there heavier than the bamboo of earth; there is not a rock throughout the whole vast globe, and his weight is only about that of cork of the same size. The men on the planet Jupiter are large and light in accordance with the planet, as are also the animals and birds. As crowds and traffic are no longer a feature of the planet, of course cars, carriages, locomotives and ships would be superfluous. The people never travel very far at any time, and as the globe and the people are very uniform, there are no sights to see different from those which they see at home. The need of long journeys is over, therefore, their animals and birds are all they want. Cooking is a thing of the past, and all that labor with its appurtanances is over, and there is now no labor upon the planet, except to build a small bamboo house in which to retreat when they have those gentle rains and in which they sleep. Their only method of cutting the bamboo is by a long and sharp knife, which they make from the breast-bone of a bird; they do not kill the birds in order to make the knives, but only take the bones after the birds die a natural death. Each family have about half a dozen knives of various sizes, one with which they cut their fruit, and one, or two, with which to build their houses. They could not have anything made of iron, for that ore has long since disappeared from the planet. Their musical instruments are made chiefly from the intestines of their dead animals and bamboo. They make a kind of reed instrument, upon which they perform

most wonderful music. Their garments are made from the skins of animals and birds; and their method of preparing the skins is this: When an animal dies, they carefully remove the skin, stretch and pin it to the earth, and then scrape it very thin and clean; they then allow it to remain in the sun until it is perfectly dry; they then rub it between their hands until it is very pliable and soft; it is then stretched again and coloring applied to it; and they have as many beautiful dyes as the rainbow, which they make by stirring together juices of various plants. They have no pottery, or crockery of any kind: they could not make it if they would, for the planet has long since ceased to furnish material; but gourds grow plentifully, and their few utensils are made out of gourds, and some of them are extremely beautiful, for they are painted and decorated in the most elegant manner. And now my son, said the great philosopher, we will turn our attention to other wonderful things in nature."

I drew a long sigh of intense delight. Oh; how good it was to be an angel. What wonderful things I was learning every moment. Well; we sailed on in the most delightful way for a long time, each one intent on his own thoughts, and the gentle breeze that wafted and filled our white sails was the very elixir of heavenly life. If a mathematician of earth wanted to know, positively, the exact size of the men on the planet Jupiter, all he would have to do, would be, to find out just how much larger the planet is than the earth—which he has already done—and the people on the planet are just as

many times larger and lighter than the people of earth.

"It is not absolutely necessary that either men or angels should visit the planet to find out these things; they can arrive at correct conclusions through the law of correspondences and exact mathematical calculations, said Voncelora."

Oh; how I should like to convince my son Karl, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that he will surely live after the death of his body! How I should like to convince all men on the earth below, of the immortality of the soul; for more than half the people are unconvinced, and one fourth of them believe in a fiction. The spiritualists are the nearest right, and yet they have not the truth in all its purity, I said, as an uncontrollable desire to this effect seized me.

"Well, my son," said Aristotle, "man cannot be convinced of anything except through his reason. Appeal to your son's reason, and your wish will be assured to you. The boy at school never doubts the accuracy of mathematics, after he has once learned the multiplication table, he is positively sure beyond the shadow of a doubt that it is true, and you can convince men of the truth of immortality in the same way. Teach man absolute truth, without error, and he can no longer doubt. But a child that has never been taught mathematics is ignorant of the truth of them."

Aristotle, will you accompany me to earth and show me the exact method by which I may convince my son?

"Yes; with pleasure," he answered. "Voncelora shall go with us also." And we left the ship and glided down to earth.

XXXVIII.

COMPLEX MAN.

AND we three angels, bearing six forms, stood around a scribe that we found there, and compelled the scribe to write for us, for the good of my son, and for the good of mankind in general.

"Now," said Aristotle to the scribe, "write out my proof, which is pure reason—that man bears an immortal spirit within his material body. But first, we will telegraph for two eminent physicians. Let them come and help us—Galen and Warren."

And we sent a telegram for them, and they shortly arrived. Now we all worked in concert together, and that which follows is the result.

When you look at a man you see nothing before you but a man composed of skin, or, epidermis; and if you trusted to nothing but your eyes, without reason, you could not say that man was composed of anything but skin. Now there is the perfect form of a man composed of skin. Underneath the epidermis is the true skin, which is to the sight invisible. So there is another perfect form of man, composed of true skin. Underneath the true skin is another perfect form, composed of veins. Take away all else, and there stands the man of veins.

Next, there is the perfect arterial man. Next, there stands the perfect form of man, composed of nerves. Now, we have the perfect form of man, composed of muscles. Then there stands the perfect form of man, composed of bone—per se—a skeleton.

Now all this is matter, or material substance, which would be inert, or dead, if it were not for an animating principle that permeated every particle of this complex structure; and that animating principle is the perfect spiritual man; and this spiritual man is composed of magnetism and electricity.

Now there is a perfect form composed of magnetism and another one composed of electricity; and these two are the immortal, imperishable form of man; they are united, and go hand in hand. One cannot exist without the other. Now there is a third principle, which we will call the soul of man, and the magnetic form, and the electric form, bear the soul within them. The soul is the guiding principle of the spiritual body; and it clothes itself with magnetism and electricity; that is, it holds it together in the perfect form of man. Now, when the soul leaves the material body of man, it takes the magnetic and electric body with it; for these three bodies are inseparable. Magnetism, as all know, is invisible, except under certain conditions; and electricity is also an invisible substance, except under certain conditions and the soul is an invisible substance, except under certain conditions; and if man did not have a magnetic and an electric body, there would be no heat within him; for it is the

uniting of magnetism and electricity that causes all light and heat. When the soul leaves the material body of a man, and has taken with it all the magnetism and electricity, the material body falls apart or decays; for its animating principle has left it—all that could think, hear, feel, or see, has left it.

Now this that has left the material body, we call the spiritual body; and it is triune in its nature—the intelligent body, the magnetic body, and the electric body—and this body has lost nothing but a gross covering of matter, which it no longer needs. All that thinks, hears, sees or feels, it retains; for these are of the soul and not of the material body; for if they were, the material body would still continue to think, hear, feel and see, just the same when the soul had fled. Now the soul has an electric and magnetic body; and the magnetic and the electric body are perfectly and evenly balanced; they are in exact equilibrium; they are the clothing and the vehicles of the soul; and these three bodies in one, are all invisible to the material sight of man, because composed of invisible substance, for all know that electricity is invisible, and magnetism is invisible, and the soul is invisible, but this body may be visible under certain conditions. Now the soul is the intelligent, or animating principle of the magnetic and electric body; and it can move its electric body with the swiftness of electricity, or it can gently float, or remain quiescent; and the magnetic body attracts and holds together the electric body; for the magnetic body permeates

the electric body, and the intelligent soul permeates and guides the whole; and the God that man talks so much about, sits enthroned within his own body—for God and the soul of man are one and the same person; and the soul of man first exists as an invisible germ within a little invisible magnetic and electric globe; male and female in one, as has previously been stated in this book. Therefore, God is both male and female, equally balanced, and co-existent.

"Now," said Voncelora, "let us return to our gallant ship," and so we all together, quickly returned to our beautiful vessel, and the vessel was built in the same way that our houses had been; but by many angels acting in concert together. And as she rose and fell on the magnetic waves of a vast electric sea, thus we talked together.

XXXIX.

THE PULSING HEART.

DEAR Angels, I said, before I left the material body, I used to ponder deeply on the cause of a man's heart beating; for when the heart ceased to beat the man was dead; or, that was the way that I looked at it, and I used to think if there were a way to keep a person's heart beating, possibly he might never die. But the question that I desire to ask, is, what causes a man's heart to beat? For my heart, now that I am an angel, is still beating; and it has never ceased to beat, to my knowledge. The beating merely left the material heart, it still pulses on.

"Well," answered Galen, "that thought often crossed my mind when I was on the earth; and shortly after becoming an angel, and finding my own heart still beating, I inquired of some of the archangels and received the desired information."

"My dear Herfronzo," said Galen, "what causes the piston, within the cylinder of a locomotive, to work up or down; or in other words, to move, to pulse or beat, what is the motive power?

Well, I answered, in my day it was steam; but they are now getting electricity as a motive power.

"We will take steam, then, as the motive power; for I think I shall be able to make it clearer to you, and I shall ask you, what is the cause of steam?"

Why, boiling water.

"What causes the water to boil?"

Well, the cause of that would be evident to any child—heat, of course.

"What is the cause of heat?"

Why the burning of something.

"What causes the burning?"

Why, a thing that can burn is ignited.

"What causes a thing to be ignited?"

Really, Galen, you must answer that question for me. I am afraid I do not know.

"Well said Galen, "a spark of electricity."

"Oh; ah; yes, I said.

"But we will take a thunder bolt, as an example. Of course you are well aware that lightning is an electric fluid; per-se the lightning rod."

"Well, Herfronzo, our next question must be, what is electricity?"

Oh, dear; I said, I am afraid we are wading out beyond my power of comprehension.

"Not so, he answered, " we are now getting at the great pulsing heart of all things—the eternal motive power; and

the motive power is the little invisible flame called magnetism. Now magnetism is a pure, invisible, spiritual flame, or in other words, the vast ocean of spirit and matter are counterparts. Each little flame of magnetism attracts and holds an equal proportion of matter; which makes a perfect atom. The little flame is the central point, or nucleus of the atom; and the coalescing of the two principles, matter and magnetism, generate heat, or the little magnetic flame within the atom heats the atom to a white heat; therefore heat is the coalescing of magnetism and matter; and thus worlds are formed. But atoms, nor worlds, never cease in their motion, they forever obey the great law of magnetic attraction; and the magnetic body within a man, which animates the electric body and forever hides within it; is the secret cause of the pulsing heart. It is the spirit within a man which pulses; and magnetism or spiritual flame is the motive power. Therefore, dear Herfronzo, your heart still beats, and will keep on beating while the eternal ages roll."

Oh; how good it is to be an Angel! I exclaimed, Joy! joy! forever more. We had been sailing on and on, all this time.

"Herfronzo," said Aristotle, "do you realize that we are sailing on great magnetic waves of a spiritual sea?"

Well I suppose it must be so, I answered, for it is not water such as there is on earth; neither is it water such as I found in the lower spiritual spheres.

"We are now beyond the spheres of earth," he said, "and

we are rapidly sailing towards the sun of your earth. Examine these waves, Herfronzo; examine them well." And I obeyed.

It was a vast ocean of pure amber flame, rolling in great waves all in one direction, and that direction toward the sun, as I could now see.

"This is a pure magnetic sea" said Aristotle, "devoid of matter; and its destination is the sun. Presently we shall arrive there."

And soon we landed on the sun. Now the sun is not a solid globe like the earth, neither is it inhabited; and it is as black as the blackest night; and is composed of pure matter, devoid of spirit, or in other words, it is pure carbon devoid of magnetism; but as these great magnetic waves strike it, and penetrate it, it continually bursts into golden flame and sends forth its rays of life, and light, and heat. The body of the sun is a dead, primary world, that has yielded up its spirit countless ages ago; and that spirit retains its form, as we retain ours; and it constantly sends back great magnetic waves to the body of the sun, which causes the sun to blaze in golden glory.

"Now, said Aristotle, "we will go and pay a visit to the sun's counterpart; for the sun, like ourselves, is actually but one sun in two forms, male and female; magnetism and electricity. But we will leave our ship behind and travel on rays of light."

And as fast as electricity and light can travel, we

journeyed toward the sun's magnetic counterpart; and presently we arrived there. And here we found a great chemical laboratory. For every ray of light and heat which the sun shoots forth, travels directly to this magnetic globe, and is there again resolved into magnetism proper; and then rolls back again in great waves to the sun. This magnetic globe is invisible to man, as all magnetism is; and the electric body of the sun is also invisible to man; it is the result that is visible; it is the light and heat of magnetism and electricity that man sees and feels; for the light and heat of the sun strikes and bathes in glory, all the planets that lie between it and its counterpart; and the great magnetic waves, as they roll towards the sun, strike and bathe, and nourish all the planets that lie between it and the sun. Now as the clothing or form of the soul, is composed, equally of magnetism and electricity, it finds no difficulty in traveling on the wings of either; and if man on earth wishes to know how fast an angel can travel, he has only to watch the lightning's flash, and that truly reveals it to him. Or, an angel can move or glide, as slowly as it pleases, or remain perfectly at rest.

XL.

HOW A SCRIBE IS MADE TO WRITE.

AFTER visiting the sun, and its magnetic counterpart, we were all very weary, and going on board a ship, which we found ready to receive us, we sailed back to our own native spheres—back to Helene's villa, which we dearly loved. Warren and Galen took their leave of us at the door, but Aristotle and Voncelora remained with us, at our earnest request; for I longed to converse with them about all that we had seen on the planet Jupiter, and the Sun and its counterpart. But first we needed rest and refreshment. The ladies retired to prepare our dinner, and we three gentlemen remained in the parlor. My weariness was greater than that of the other two, for it was my first long journey, and I really could not sit up, and so I lay upon the sofa. Aristotle and Voncelora rested within easy chairs—but let me here say, it is not the body of an angel that becomes tired, but it is the soul; it must rest and digest that which it has seen and heard, just the same after leaving the material body, as it does while within it.

I should like very much, to witness the ascension of some one of the people on the planet Jupiter; it must be a very interesting occasion.

"It is," answered Aristotle. When a man and his wife

have lived for about a thousand years of earth's time—it is not a thousand years of Jupiter's time—they are ready to make the ascension. Their material bodies have become very attenuated, not shrivelled, or shrunken, but larger and more expansive,—lighter, thinner, more like vapor,—it is a time of great rejoicing with all their friends; they gather about them with bands of music; they feast and dance for joy; and when the spiritual part of the ascending one has become entirely disengaged from its material body, it slowly ascends in plain sight of the assembled company. The etherial body has again taken on all its youthful beauty, but greatly heightened; it has become heavenly beauty. As these two forms slowly rise, they look down and bless the people assembled; and with sweet and heavenly smiles, they gradually disappear with a group of angels that join, and receive them. Then the company gradually disperse with joy and gladness. One of their number has gone from their midst, and is now with the angels in glorious and heavenly light. The nearest friends gather together the form that is left, and cast it forth with other refuse matter, as of no account; they think of it only as they do the husks of their grain or fruit, and treat it just the same."

Presently, the ladies came and invited us to the dining room; and we took our seats at the festive board.

"As soon as we are completely rested and refreshed," said Voncelora, "I propose that we visit earth and see how our loved ones are there."

We all agreed to this; and in a few hours we started; but instead of lingering near my son Karl, we went directly to our scribe; for we had many things that we wished written for the good, not only of my son, but for the people in general.

"Now," said Aristotle to the scribe, "we desire that you should write how it is that we influence you to write that which we desire you to write. Many people ask the question, why it is that people, when angels are near them, influencing them, shake and shiver, and feel cold chills run down their backs, their hands shake and twitch, and we will tell them"

We have already told you that our bodies are composed of magnetism and electricity, held together and guided by our intelligent soul. Now when we put ourselves in juxtaposition with a material body, and with our stronger and more powerful will, overpower and control the soul within that body, our electric and magnetic body often enters the material body of the one we are controling; and it is the sudden electric shocks which chill and shake them so. It is the foreign and surplus magnetism and electricity which fills them. Our subtile and refined body fills them and our stronger will overpowers theirs. It is then they do not appear like themselves, but wiser, more God-like, more powerful; for it is not themselves, but ourselves. Again, magnetism and electricity are able to penetrate most material substances; and that is why we are able to pass in and out, and stand by your side, when all doors are closed. That is why we come to you like flashes of light, and then are gone. Or, we

can remain with you as long as we please. That is why orators, and men and women of genius, are constantly outdoing themselves, and talking and writing better than they know. It is not they but us; and a so-called dead man has written this book in this way. In other words, this book and the everlasting truths it contains, has been entirely written by an Angel; and it is a part of his experience in the spiritual and angelic life.

It is no work of the imagination, and I will not allow it to pass as such. But it is absolute truth, stripped of error: and I am not conscious of one false thing herein written, except in the matter of two names. My own name and that of Voncelora. And the right names I would have most willingly given to the world, but could not on account of my son whose name is not Karl.

The end! Not of Life Truth, or Love and Wisdom—but the end of this book.